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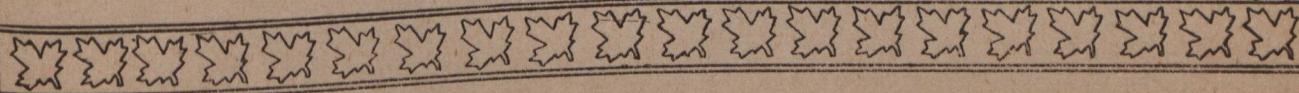
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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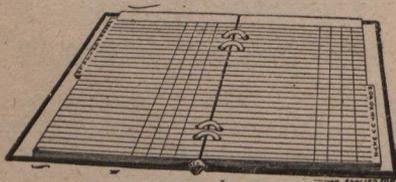
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. II

TORONTO, JUNE, 1903

No. 6

CURRENT COMMENTS

Dominion Finances and Tariff Changes

THE annual budget of the Finance Minister, while it may sometimes be subject to political criticism, may be taken as an accurate indication of how the country's finances are moving. The budget for the last fiscal year is a notable one. It shows a steady, healthy growth, and very satisfactorily bears out the evidences on every hand of general prosperity.

Canada's revenue now amounts to sixty-five millions, and the surplus for the last financial year was \$7,291,389. The estimated surplus for the year ending with this month is nearly double this, and is the largest in the history of the Dominion. This increase in the revenue has been in the face of greatly increased expenditure, yet the per capita debt has been lowered from \$50.96 to \$48.31. The Government finances reflect the general commerce of the country, and back of these figures is a widely-spread activity in business circles.

The position which the Government would assume in regard to the tariff question had been eagerly awaited. Mr. Fielding announced it to be a policy of compromise between the extreme free traders and the advocates of protection. "Moderation and stability" was to be

the motto of the Government. Certain changes are to be made, the most notable of which are a higher tariff on German goods, in retaliation for Germany's tax on Canadian imports, made six years ago, and a duty on steel rails, to take effect as soon as the Canadian steel mills are able to meet the home demand. A policy of tariff compromise will not, however, be long satisfactory. Compromises between two such courses as are now marked out in connection with Canada's tariff have never proved lastingly effectual. The policy of the Liberal Government to-day is neither free trade nor protectionist; it is something of both, and while this is no doubt the simplest way of meeting the difficulty at the present time, the modern tendency is decidedly toward high protection. The demand for a revision of the tariff in Canada cannot be indefinitely parried by the argument that the country is already prosperous.

Mr. Fielding's announcement that Canada's finances are in a flourishing condition has been received with great satisfaction, as very naturally it would be. But the fact remains that Canada's recent growth and prosperity have not been the result of low protection, but have been realized in spite of it. The coun-

try is all right, but future budgets must necessarily reckon with public opinion on the tariff question.

Increasing the Circulating Medium

A CLEARER idea of just what Canada's increased business means may be had from a few figures showing the expansion along certain lines. For example, during the past five years no less than \$375,000,000 has been added to the invested capital in the country, of which all but \$25,000,000 has been directly invested in commercial enterprises. Life insurance has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. The policies in force at the end of 1902 amounted to \$508,794,000, and several Canadian companies are extending their business to other countries outside of Canada.

The Dominion Government will increase its currency issue by \$11,500,000. Of the Dominion notes, chiefly the one and two-dollar denominations, there is at present some \$34,500,000 in circulation, and by converting its guaranteed debentures into reserve the Government will be empowered to issue currency up to the full limit of \$46,000,000. From these notes, of which it has a monopoly, the Government earns a good revenue and greatly facilitates the banking and general business of the country.

What the Government is doing the banking institutions are also doing. A considerable number of the leading banks are increasing their capital in order to issue more notes, the necessity of which has been caused by the absorption of capital into various industrial enterprises. Under the laws of the Canadian banking system, chartered banks can issue only up to the amount of their paid-up capital, which at present is \$72,856,000. Some tightness has been felt in the money market, and more currency and notes in circulation will be a welcome relief.

A Nation, Not Merely a Colony

WHEN so eminent an authority as Benjamin Kidd, the great sociologist, says that "Canada is no longer a colony, but a nation," some significance attaches to the statement and the facts behind it. Substantially Mr. Kidd is correct. The inherent idea of nationhood is the common political institutions of a country, and the commonalty of the people. In this latter respect Canada is fully entitled to the claim of nationhood, for despite the rapidly increasing immigration of foreign races, eighty-seven per cent. of our population is native born. In the United States there is a much larger proportion of the foreign element, which in all the larger cities varies from seventeen to thirty-five per cent. of the whole.

Industrially, Canada's claims to nationhood are the result of her agricultural resources. The wheat fields have been our great advertisement. In this connection, the testimony of the *New York Financier*, an able financial journal of wide influence, will be of interest: "The centre of agricultural development within the next five or ten years will be transferred to Canada. . . . The rush to Canada is not a temporary craze. It will continue because the farmer finds there some of the finest wheat lands in the world, and as was the case with the western United States, there will be no cessation until the free territory is exhausted. The future of Canada, once regarded as unpromising, has suddenly assumed a brighter phase. Those who express doubt as to the permanency of the agricultural migration, because of different forms of government, do not grasp the situation."

The Bugbear of Americanization

THE fears of some over-cautious Canadians that the increasing influx of settlers from the United States will lead to the Americanization of Canada

are not shared by the more intelligent Americans themselves, or by their press. Some jingoistic talk has been indulged in, it is true, and the prophecy has been made by certain American writers and speakers that the Canadian West will be gradually made American in its sympathies and character, rather than Canadian. The *New York Independent* agrees with the saner view of broader-minded Canadians that this is not at all likely. In a recent article the *Independent* says that the effect will more probably be in the other direction, their self-interest leading the new settlers to consider themselves Canadian citizens. Should a preference be given to Canadian wheat in the British market, "is it not reasonable to believe that with that market before them as a rich and unfailing customer, the American-born grain-growers of Western Canada would develop into a powerful economic interest, based on Imperial policy?" The chief result of the American immigration will be an "unprecedented invigoration of Canadian racial and business life, although it will not necessarily be followed by a change of political allegiance or by any noticeable tendency in that direction. . . . It is hardly to be supposed that the American colony in the Northwest, so long as its economic and social life proceeds on lines of least resistance, will concern itself with political agitation. In the new environment it will find its former language spoken, its former municipal life, and educational and religious privileges practically the same."

The Laboring-Man's Discontent

IT is a strange fact that while there is no country in the world where the working classes are so well paid and so comfortably circumstanced as in Canada and the United States, there are few countries where labor disturbances and strikes are more frequent. The Canadian workman has great advantages over

the European. In England at the present time there are said to be over a million idle workmen, and in many of the largest English industrial centres the over-stocking of the labor market is a matter of great seriousness. A similar situation prevails in Germany, Britain's commercial rival. Numbers of German manufactories have been compelled to either shut down or to reduce their staff of men and lower the wages. Even where there is work the scale of wages is pitifully low. In the steel and iron industries, which in Canada would represent almost the height of labor-profit, five dollars a week is paid in Germany for skilled workmen. At the same time the cost of living is proportionately higher than in this country. In nearly every respect the European laborer is at a heavy disadvantage as compared with his brother in the New World.

Yet from one part of America to another there is an almost constant cry of dissatisfaction. The laboring man is not content, and he has made the present an era of strikes. It is true that strikes are by no means confined to this country, but as just shown, there is more apparent reason for them in the other countries. There is hardly a trade in Canada or the United States to-day in which high wages are not paid, and the chief claim that the workman can put forward is that the cost of living is advancing, and that he is not receiving a proportionate share of the prosperity which he is helping to create. And so the strikes are instituted, labor and capital being on terms of mutual suspicion. In the greater number of strikes the workmen have gained materially, and it is an undoubted fact that needed reforms, outside of wage questions, are resulting from the agitations of the trades unions. If, as the demand for labor continues, the labor element continues aggressive and capital continues on the defensive, only one remedy seems to be possible—arbitration. But to cure the evil

at its heart it would seem that the balance between this country and Europe might be helped by the immigration of a limited number of artisans or general workmen. There are too many there and not enough here.

Canada's Fisheries

THE first natural resource discovered by the pioneer explorers of Canada was the wealth of the waters. The early French navigators caught fish in the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence River, and from that day till this the fisheries have been one of our greatest national assets. A great industry has grown from a modest beginning, and at the present time the fisheries of Canada represent a total production of over \$25,000,000. The capital invested is \$12,000,000, and the industry gives employment to 15,000 men. Proportions such as these belong only to great concerns.

Canada's facilities for a successful fishing industry are the best in the world. The eastern coast line covers a distance of 5,600 miles, and the western 7,180 miles, while the Great Lakes represent an area of 72,000 square miles. In all these waters there is a plentiful supply of the finest fish, in a great variety of species. The cod-fish of the Atlantic coast and the salmon of the Pacific have made Canada famous as a fishing ground the world over.

The fishery yield of 1901 was the largest in the history of Canada. For the last fiscal year it was somewhat smaller, one cause of which was a falling-off in the salmon catch in British Columbia. The decline in the herring fisheries of the Bay of Fundy is to be investigated by a Government commission.

The Economic Cost of Disease

THE danger to a nation from the presence of a widely-spread disease among its population can hardly be com-

puted. Its seriousness is more fully realized if it takes the form of a sudden scourge, yet the slower-acting diseases to which we have become somewhat accustomed work almost equal havoc in the course of a year or so. Considerable attention has of late been paid to the prevalence of tuberculosis in this country, and preventive measures are being discussed by medical men and legislators. What this danger means to Canada may be gathered from the fact that 8,000 lives are yearly sacrificed to it, while an eminent physician estimates that fully 40,000 persons become infected each year.

Putting the loss to the nation from this cause in purely economic terms, Canada loses annually about \$48,000,000, the average value of a human life at its most productive period being estimated at \$6,000. The loss through the invalidation of 40,000 annually means an additional \$24,000,000, bringing the total economic loss each year to the enormous amount of \$72,000,000. This loss, it is claimed, can be prevented by proper measures. Dr. A. J. Richer, of Montreal, a physician who has given the matter great attention, asks if the Federal Government would not expend almost any sum in the interests of the Canadian wheat-growing industry should that industry be threatened by hail-storms or other injury; and if \$72,000,000 in human value is not as well worthy of consideration as \$25,000,000 in grain value. Yet very little is being done by way of remedy. Only thirteen of the thirty-six hospitals in Canada have accommodation for tuberculous patients, and consumptives are refused admittance into the other twenty-three institutions. It is generally admitted today that tuberculosis is curable if treated in time, and the situation can be very materially improved if public opinion can be directed so that the Governments, both Federal and Provincial, shall require every state-aided hospital to provide treat-

ment for tuberculous patients. Good work is being done by the sanatoria, but they are far too few to figure very largely in the relief of the situation. Meanwhile the danger continues and possibly increases—a danger which the public does not yet realize.

Reforms in Educational System

EDUCATIONAL matters have had a much-needed airing during the past few months. The public school system has always been a favorite subject of criticism, but while there has not been so much partisan fault-finding as formerly, there is a marked desire for reform along lines of practical usefulness. For instance, the course of study in the Ontario schools is to be revised, with a special view to making the subjects taught apply to the actual requirements of every-day life; it is certain that many of them do not so apply at present, and an improvement in this respect will be one of the best possible reforms. In the new courses nature study is to have a prominent part, the whole tendency of modern educationists being in the direction of "more naturalness and less bookishness."

An important change is proposed in the government of public schools in the cities, namely, that the control of the schools be vested in a board of thirteen members, twelve of whom shall be elected from the city at large, and one nominated by the Separate School Board. This will do away with a multiplicity of minor boards, and will centralize the city's school business. The change, if made, will be in line with the methods adopted in the larger American cities.

Technical education will receive increased encouragement from the Ontario Government, an appropriation of \$20,000 being included in the provincial estimates. This will be divided into grants of various sizes, of which the minimum will be \$750 per annum, with an additional \$310

where domestic science is taught. Toronto and Brantford have well-equipped technical schools, and in the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec there are some ten or twelve institutions which may rightly be classed as technical. But an increase in educational facilities of this kind is absolutely necessary if Canadian artisans are to keep pace with those of other countries.

The Need of Accuracy

NEXT to a fund of native energy there is nothing so much needed in the equipment of the man or woman who is seeking success as accuracy. The whole world hates a bungler, and gives its rewards only to those who work on the principle of thoroughness. In modern business life inaccuracy is fatal, and has been proved so to hundreds of careless or ill-trained young men. The leaders in the business life of any town or city will be the ones who will most warmly second any attempts put forth to secure better habits of diligence and carefulness. In this lies one of the duties of modern education.

A college president, who knows whereof he writes, gives this testimony in a recent article: "Thoroughness implies accuracy. Glittering generalities may have their place, but it is not in the class-room. Dean Briggs thinks it next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. There is no more valuable result of training than the habit of absolute exactness, and no greater menace to life in any phase than its lack. The world has a right to demand that our schools and colleges shall train their students to be accurate, if nothing else."

In Readiness for Future War

IN time of peace prepare for war," is the old saying. A time of peace is now being enjoyed by the civilized world,

and there are no immediate signs of outbreak, except in Macedonia, where the situation continues to be very uncertain. This time of universal peace, however, is not being used altogether as a rest from war; nearly all the nations are actively preparing for the future, and if the energies of the War Departments are any indication, a conflict of serious proportions may be looked for somewhere and sometime in the next ten years. Be this so or not, it is at least certain that all Europe is holding itself ready for what may happen.

The best guarantee of peace, it has been said, is to have fully-equipped defences. Following this policy, the Powers are all expending vast sums upon their navies, it being believed that the war of the future, when it does come, will be fought upon the sea. Remarkable activity is being shown in this respect by the United States, whose total tonnage under construction is second only to that of Great Britain. The British War Office has decided upon a policy of naval expansion involving an outlay this year of \$180,000,000, Britain's aim being to always maintain her navy at a standard equal to any other two powers in the world. The war of the future, it is very likely, will be fought between Great Britain and one or more of the other Powers, and it stands Britain in hand to be ready. The other sea powers, however, are giving a close run. The navies of the world, including the ships already built and those now under construction, are as follows:

	Number built.	Now building.	Total tonnage.
Great Britain	546	78	1,807,874
France	370	83	804,274
Germany	205	20	483,428
United States	109	44	578,743
Russia	220	55	519,568
Italy	200	15	341,155
Japan	142	44	248,008

Never before in the world's history was there such activity in the construction of warships. The most active among

the nations are those which are ostensibly most desirous of peace, and the signs of the times must therefore be read in a double sense.

Surveys in the Rockies

THE recent disaster at Frank, Alberta, by which a portion of the townsite and a large tract of the valley were buried under a landslide from the top of Turtle Mountain, has attracted fresh attention to the topography and the geological conditions of the Canadian Rockies. The absolute freedom which Canada has hitherto enjoyed from such disasters as this makes it the more noteworthy. It was at first thought to be due to volcanic causes, but this has since been disproved, and while there are numerous hot springs and indications of sulphur in various districts of the Coast country, there are no evidences of volcanoes or volcanic eruptions within historic times. What scientists are more concerned with at present is the accurate delineation of the Rockies and the geological formation of such districts as that of the Crow's Nest Pass.

A survey of the Canadian Rockies was begun in 1887, and continued under the direction of the Department of the Interior until last year. The work involved in this survey was most arduous, necessitating the ascent of some thirty peaks from 5,000 to 12,000 feet high. The Selkirks present difficulties as great as in the European Alps, and the construction of trails and location of supply camps was frequently necessary. As a result of this work accurate maps of a hitherto unknown region have been made, and stations established at various points for photographic and scientific observations.

A careful investigation of portions of this mountain country will probably be made this summer by the Geological Survey. The formation of the country is peculiar, and points back to an indefinite

period, when the west of Canada was the scene of mighty movements of nature—of just what kind it has not yet been agreed upon. British Columbia has mineral deposits of almost every kind, and in the light which they will throw upon the natural conditions of the mining industry, such investigations are of great industrial as well as scientific value.

New Monsters of the Deep

THESE are evidently the days of big ships. In all the various phases of the transportation problem the world over, no more progressive development has been made than in the matter of shipbuilding. Since a very great proportion of the world's freight goes by water this development is both natural and timely, and although mere size is not always a sign of merit, some recent achievements in the way of shipbuilding are of striking interest.

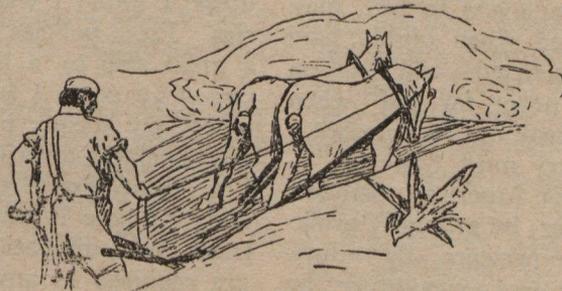
Three ships have been launched within a short time, each of which is a record-breaker in its own class. The White Star Line *Cedric* is the largest ship ever built. She is 700 feet long, 75 feet in breadth, and 50 feet deep; her gross tonnage is 21,000 tons, and her rate of speed seventeen knots. The *Cedric* is a passenger steamer, designed for first-class accommodation rather than speed, and is in every respect as much a model of mod-

ern ship architecture as she is a marvel in size.

The North German Lloyd Company has just put into commission a new steamer, which is claimed to be the fastest afloat. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* is six feet longer than the *Cedric*, but has considerably less displacement. Her speed of twenty-four knots, together with her splendid appointments, distinguish her among the world's liners. She will carry, when full, 2,500 persons across the Atlantic. The *Cedric* has accommodation for 3,000.

The biggest cargo-carrier ever sent into the water was launched in April. She is the *Minnesota*, built by the Great Northern Steamship Company. While of somewhat less displacement than the *Cedric*, she has greater cargo capacity, carrying 28,000 tons of dead weight, and 2,700 persons. In completeness of electric service and cold-storage plant, the *Minnesota* is said to be the most up-to-date vessel yet designed.

With these three monster ships the limit of size in shipbuilding is claimed to have been reached. Ships of somewhat greater size could no doubt be built, but experts declare that it would not be practicable to run craft of such gigantic proportions. For all practical purposes these are probably large enough, and so far they are the champions.



SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

British and American Rivalry.

THERE is a tendency in this country to regard America and her progress from a mistaken point of view. We have positively given way to something like a panic of late years at our cousins' successes and their investments in the United Kingdom. This is as ridiculous as it is unmanly. Thoughtful Americans take a very different view. America is a marvellously successful nation, but she is honeycombed with problems which make her future a matter of some uncertainty. The colossal aggregations of capital under individual control, for instance, organized into huge "combinations," under laws practically conferring limitless power upon them, constitute a great national peril, and nobody yet sees how it is to be averted. These enormous aggregations of capital upon which dividends must be paid, and which will certainly in many cases collapse like a house of cards at the first sign of bad times, leaving wreck and ruin behind them, form an eminent danger from which we are free. The negro problem is more insistent than ever, and further from a solution. The relations of capital and labor, harmonious now because of the high wages and bonuses which good times enable the employers to pay, may become very strained when highly paid employment is restricted—and passion and bloodshed are never far off when "labor troubles" break out in America.

"The Old Country must wake up"—by readiness to adopt American methods, when these are better; by promptly profiting by American experience; by enforcing economy in national expenditure; by seeking a more efficient Government, in which, for example, the great offices con-

trolling trade should be filled by men of the highest business capacity, and the widest business experience; by pushing forward the education of all classes upon wiser and more practical lines; by pursuing a simpler and better informed foreign policy, with peace as its chief aim. It might be rash to prophesy that Great Britain will be hard at work and as prosperous as of old when the United States is torn from side to side by the most terrible labor conflict the world has ever seen, but it would not be a whit more unwise than the alarmist forecasts which hand over our commercial position in the world to the United States in the near future, and reduce us to "an overcrowded and discontented little island in the North Sea." There is every reason for strenuous efforts, for a wakeful outlook, and the abandonment of some of our old indifferent acceptance of things as they are; there is not the slightest ground for rushing from the one extreme of self-complacency to the opposite extreme of self-depreciation.—*World's Work* (English edition).

Successful Assurance.

AS I gradually improved in skill of reasoning, and in confidence of address, I found I was writing larger policies. From policies of \$25,000 it was not a great step to a habit of getting policies of \$50,000. I was now in Milwaukee, where my society put me in charge of their business covering two States. Here I wrote my first \$100,000 policy, and the story of how it was obtained may illustrate the combination of qualities which are required in any one who aspires to write assurance in the larger amounts.

Among the big lumber operators of the

northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth \$30,000,000, and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York, and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for \$75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard. I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W—, for \$100,000. "It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction, which for simplicity of effectiveness I have always kept as a model. It read:

"DEAR W.—This will introduce my friend Mr. —, through whom I have just taken \$75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. —, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper, I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly, and said, not unkindly:

"I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience, I would like to make the subject of life assurance interesting to you."

"There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven; I am due at my office at seven. I will give you ten minutes."

I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the

next day. To his asseveration that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that after I had travelled so far to see him my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in giving me an uninterrupted chance to present the business.

"Very well," he said, hastily. "Come at ten o'clock; come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9.45 the next morning. Then I went to the lawyer whose office was next to Mr. W—'s, and engaged his room at ten o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W—'s inner room.

"I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed over by those doctors."

"Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office I said:

"Before we part I want you to sign this application for \$100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly

does not want a man like you unless you heartily want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature, and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction, just opposite to Mr. W——. We exchanged greetings and fell into a pleasant conversation.

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he arose.

"To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

"Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car, and we'll ride together."

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this evening, I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock, and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not discomfited at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night, his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a check which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the check. In response to my congratulations he looked me in the eye and asked:

"How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

"In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw."—From *The Autobiography of a Life Assurance Man in Everybody's Magazine*.

The Mother of Invention.

IN America we have always been short-handed with regard to labor. We have been obliged to find methods whereby one man may accomplish the work of two or three men as compared with your practice here. We have had the best men from Europe: Englishmen, Germans, French, everybody—skilled men, highly trained men, as well as laboring men; we have combined their experience with our own, coupled it with our necessities, and have thus accomplished results unattainable in a country like this, where you have more labor than you can well keep employed.

As an illustration of what has been accomplished by the use of electricity in a great industry, I may cite the Homestead Mills of the Carnegie Company, where they produce with about 4,000 men three times as much steel as the Krupp works produce with 15,000 men. The results are simply wonderful. You can start there to-day in a building containing steel-melting furnaces, and you will there see three men mounted on a car with the charging apparatus, which is moved and operated by electricity. With a few movements of this ingenious contrivance three men charge twenty furnaces, which, prior to the use of electricity, would have required the labor of over 200 men.

I took some English friends to Homestead. Mr. Schwab, after guiding us through several departments, said: "I will now show you where we turn out 750 tons of plate girders per day." The mill

was in the shape of an "L." We went into the short end of the "L," where the furnaces were fed by natural gas, of course requiring no stokers. The end at which we entered had a rather low roof, and there was in sight a contrivance like a battering-ram in front of the furnaces; two workmen were sitting down eating their dinners near by; no one else was present. I thought: Mr. Schwab has made a mistake, he has asked us to see a mill that is not in operation. But we went through the mill, which was about 200 feet long, and suddenly we heard a rattle, and then saw a truck approaching loaded with a big ingot. No one touched the truck or the ingot. The load came to a platform, the crane overhead dropped a pair of tongs, and quickly put the ingot on the roller-table, and as it moved to the great rolls it was automatically kept in place. The adjusting screws of the rolls were turned by little electric motors, and not a man in that house did a bit of work. It was just as easy as what you are doing now—looking on! We went back to the furnaces. There was a fifteen-year-old boy seated in a place called the "pulpit." He was able, merely by the movement of levers, to open at will any of the furnace-doors and move the car along. And we saw this car come in front of a furnace and the charging machine approach, and take out of the open furnace a hot ingot which was dropped on the car and moved off to its work. There was this boy doing absolutely no hard work, and his mill was turning out 750 tons of steel-plate each day. My English friends said: "England has no chance in competition with such methods."

Now all this sort of thing came about in America because of our necessities. We hadn't men enough to do our work. There was a premium in favor of those who could invent machines to work and thus supply the deficiency.—From an address by *George Westinghouse*, reported in *The Railway and Engineering Review*.

The American Invasion a Boomerang.

WHILE, as good Americans, we are triumphing with an honest, loud noise over the victories of American industries abroad, has it ever really occurred to us that this very success carries with it its own danger? For, indeed, regarded from one aspect, our enterprise may merely be showing the nations of the earth how we do things. We are, in a way, selling the hostile our powder, and explaining to them our system of fortifications.

Almost withing the last two years, there has been established in a foreign port not six hundred miles from Cape Cod, a hostile camp, as aggressive as it is well armed; and of late it has been growing in strength by ratio arithmetical and geometrical. It has been sending its raiding fleets all over the American Atlantic. It has most audaciously invaded the great United States. It has even launched its pygmy but very vicious javelins at the rhinocerine hide of the Steel Trust itself; yes, it has paused on its march to heave large, bituminous chunks at the astonished coal-barons of Pennsylvania.

It is Mr. Henry M. Whitney, who has established, at Sydney, Cape Breton, the combined coal and steel company, which has made that "outstretched right hand of Canada" look very much like an outstretched bunch of knuckles. A few years ago he sat down with his experts to study Cape Breton steel conditions. He found that in Cape Breton there was coal at tide-water, with half a dozen fine ports on that "long dock of the Dominion," to choose among. There was ore of medium grade in almost every direction, and there was more of the highest grade only a day's sail across the channel on Belle Island. Limestone in plenty lay some fifteen miles to the north, also on tide-water—that priceless point of vantage hungered for by every great mill or factory-owner.

Then, the comparative geography of Sydney was rather astonishing, too. Mr. Whitney expected to find her much nearer Liverpool than Pittsburg, but not 1,258 miles nearer. He found that she was about 1,050 miles nearer Gibraltar and the Mediterranean; and, so much does her out-jutting into the Atlantic count for, she was 757 miles nearer Cape Town—even 200 closer than Liverpool! What would have been less suspected, she was actually nearer every South American port, from Pernambuco down, than any other shipping point on the American sea-board!

Carnegie has said that "the city or nation which can produce the cheapest steel has insured supremacy." Sydney claims to be assembling "the three raw materials," and making the finished steel at half cost at which it can be made elsewhere. Already another great corporation is building steel-mills at Sydney, and there are more to follow. Now, too, steel ships are to be built at Sydney. She will freight her coal and iron to the world's market in her own ships.

But in the meantime, she is doing anything but waiting on her future. While this is being written, a big five-master is delivering the first instalment of a 25,000-ton coke order to New York. American coal is being displaced all along the St. Lawrence, and three steam-freighters are carrying the Cape Breton product to Boston. Last year, Pennsylvania coal men got themselves a market in the Mediterranean; this year they will have to fight the Sydneyites, if they are going to keep it. As for the Cape Breton steel company, one certainly does not wish to echo the wildly exuberant note of the local journalists, but the altogether significant fact must be written down that already it is making good its boast of "cheapest in the world." Within the last twelve months it has been selling its output in Glasgow, in Liverpool, in Rotterdam, in Hamburg, and, more than all, in spite of land and water freights and a

tariff meant to be prohibitive, in our coal-and-iron city of Pittsburg!—*Arthur E. McFarlane*, in *The Cosmopolitan*.

A Stroke of Genius.

THE two sons of J. J. Hill, "Jim" and "Lou," have knuckled down to work since their days in Yale, and their father is proud of their records as railroad men in the ten years since he set their respective noses to the grindstone. Both have risen to responsible positions in the Great Northern system, and have shown themselves worthy of their responsibilities without what they used to call the "old man's pull."

Young "Jim" Hill made his first hit as a possible railroad magnate when he was in college. In those salad days, he was not a hard student, and had several painful interviews with an unsympathetic faculty at times. It does no harm in the light of his present success to record that a warning was sent to the president of the Great Northern system, to the effect that more studious application was necessary on the part of the under-graduate in question or his college career might be frosted. Summer vacation was near at hand, and young "Jim" Hill did not view with enthusiasm his probable reception at home. His father had taken the situation too seriously for comfort, and had threatened a disastrous embargo on the vacation budget of expense.

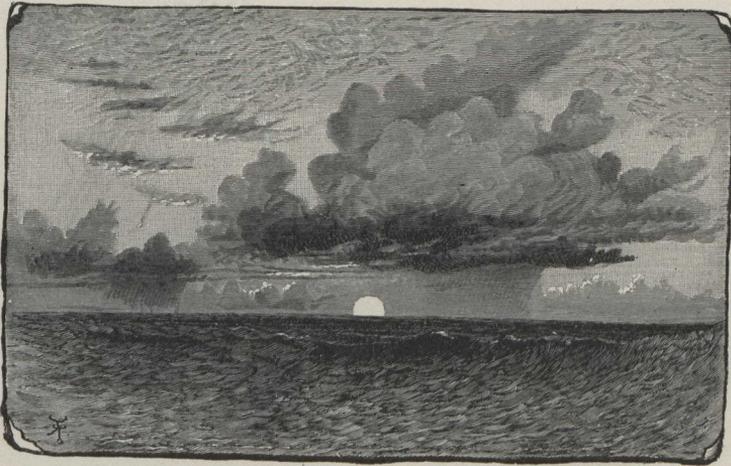
A master stroke averted the crisis. A thesis was due in the Sheffield Scientific School course, and one of the lists of topics offered was "The Effect of Transportation Systems on the Growth of Cities." Here "Jim" Hill announced, "Here is where I save my life." He forsook his cheerful haunts for the university library. He dug out statistics by the carload, and sought chiefly information about the great Northwest. He compiled and condensed, and clipped and copied, and sweated, until the result was a thesis that showed in at least a dozen different

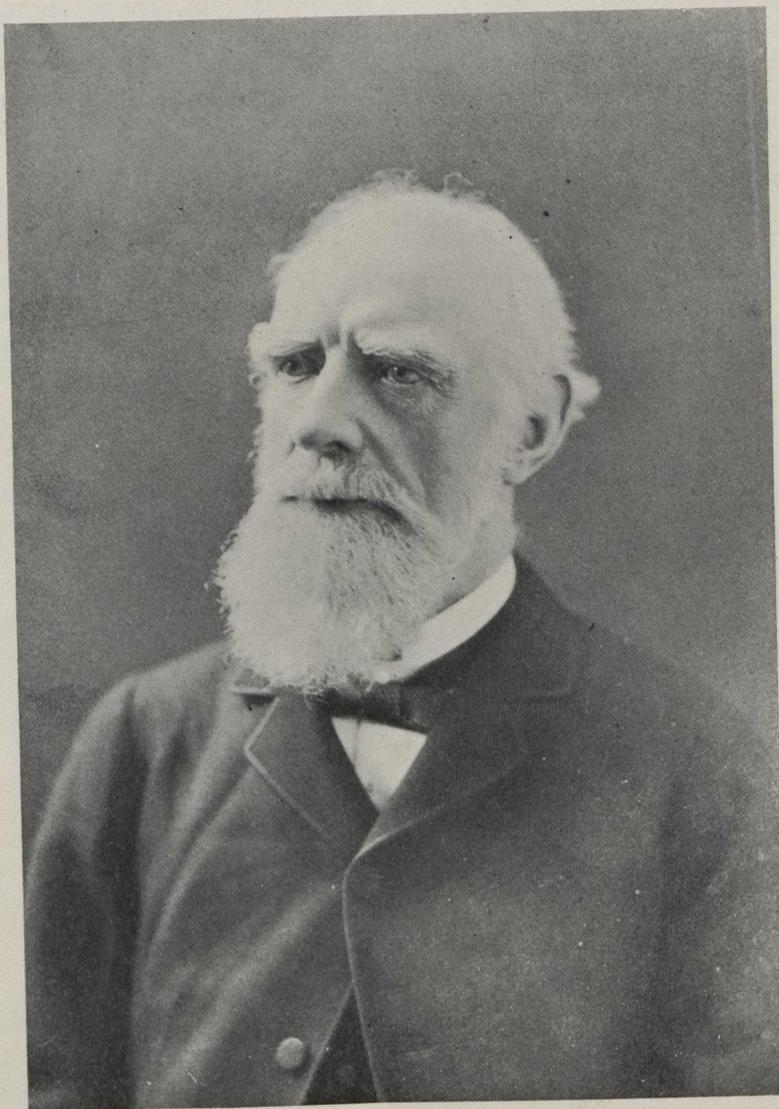
conclusive ways that the safety of a solar system depended on railway development, and that the Northwest, of all parts of the globe, had been developed by railways, and by the Great Northern system in particular.

The thesis passed the faculty with flying colors, and was then carefully forwarded by registered mail, well ahead of the home-coming of the author. J. J. Hill was delighted. He slew the fatted calf, and when "Young Jim" returned to New

Haven in the fall, he announced that he had had the summer of his life, and a chartered yacht as a token of parental esteem.

"It was the hit of my life," said he. "Dad has me figured out as the wisest material for a railroad man that ever came down the track. 'Transportation and the Growth of Cities,' well, I guess. Couldn't have landed harder if I'd studied every day since I was a freshman."—*New York Mail and Express*.





LORD STRATHCONA.

LORD STRATHCONA

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE phrase "grand old man," which, although not invented for Gladstone, became so connected with him as to seem his own peculiar property, has since his death been applied to so many persons as to have lost somewhat of its pristine power.

Yet when one regards the present High Commissioner for Canada, either from the point of view of appearance or achievement, the now trite phrase really seems the only fitting one. In his official robes as Chancellor of McGill University, presiding over a brilliant convocation ceremony, he certainly presents an impressive picture of ripe old age one might go far to parallel, and even though we have never had the privilege of seeing for ourselves, we have not the slightest doubt that he can hold an undiminished head amongst his brother Peers in the House of Lords.

Although a lad well into his teens when he came to Canada, the career of Donald A. Smith has been so much a part of the history of the country that he may fairly enough be claimed as a Canadian to all intents and purposes.

Dear to the boys are the stories of Arctic adventures. They never weary of reading about white bears, and walruses, and whales, icebergs, and floes, and hummocks, of nightless days, and of dayless nights, lasting months at a time. To them the names of Franklin, Kane, McClintock, and Scoresby are as familiar as household words. The glamor of the Aurora Borealis is over the whole region, and they have no difficulty in imagining themselves dining with great gusto upon seal meat and blubber *au naturel*.

But it was because of no such romantic prepossessions that the Scotch laddie chose the far north as the scene of his first labors in the new world. It was a pure matter of business. He was in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and

they sent him to wild, bleak, hard-frozen Labrador to begin his apprenticeship.

This was in the year 1838, and McLean, the chief factor for that district, thus records his appearance upon the field. "In September I was gratified by the arrival of despatches from Canada by a young clerk appointed to the district. By him we received the first intelligence of the stirring events that had taken place in the colonies during the preceding year," the reference being to the famous Papineau rebellion in Lower Canada.

Young Smith was stationed at Hamilton Inlet, and for the long period of thirteen years he faithfully fulfilled the monotonous round of duty, while cherishing dreams of the days to come when in a more congenial and civilized sphere of labor he should have opportunity to exercise the powers of mind and body that he knew himself to possess.

In trading with the Montagnois and Nascopie Indians for the valuable peltries they brought to the post, in boating, canoeing, fishing, and shooting, in doing a certain amount of office work, in writing long letters home, and in reading everything he could lay his hands upon, the long years were passed, while the young employee made himself master of the secrets of the company, and learned how to manage the Indians, and produce the best returns.

At the end of the period already mentioned, Governor Simpson, the renowned little autocrat, had become so impressed with his subordinate's high qualities, and particularly with his wonderful knack of turning everything to account, so that it was said of him, "however poor the post might be, Donald Smith always showed a balance on the right side of the ledger," that he promoted him to a chief tradership.

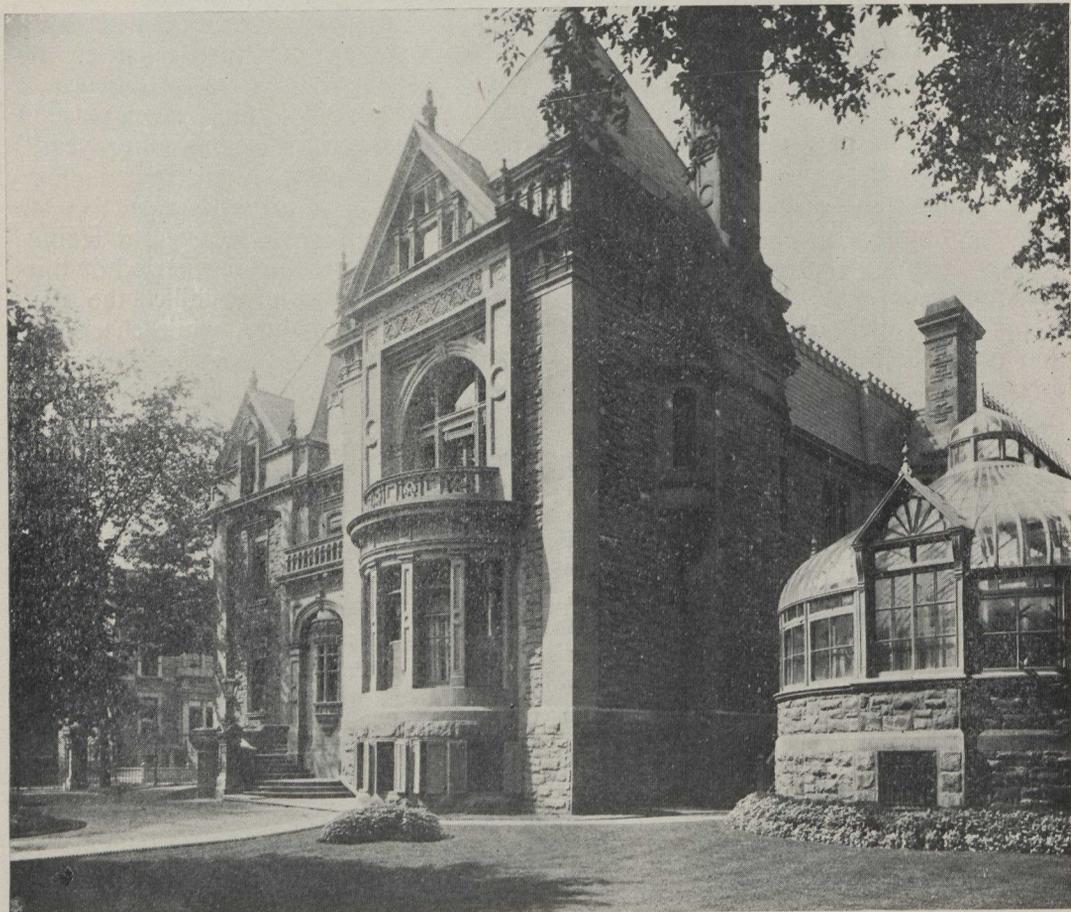
This responsible post he filled for a further ten years with such conspicuous

success as first to be appointed a Chief Factor, and then in 1868 he was chosen by the Governor and Committee in London for the important and lucrative position of Chief Executive Officer of the Company, with headquarters in the City of Montreal.

He had now completed his forty-eighth year, and having risen from a mere

Donald A. Smith was, as it proved, merely beginning. What he had already accomplished was merely the foundation upon which he was to build a reputation that would become world-wide, and to become an important actor in events that were to constitute a significant part of the country's history.

His first opportunity for public service



LORD STRATHCONA RESIDENCE, MONTREAL.

clerkship to the highest position in the trading department of the great historic country after thirty years of arduous service it might well have been supposed that he had reached the zenith of his career, and that it only remained for him to enjoy the comfort, dignity and emoluments to which he was so fully entitled.

But, instead of ending, the career of

came not long after he had settled in his new position. The Dominion Government, realizing that the vast powers and possessions of the Hudson Bay Company stood in the way of the development of the West, decided to buy the Company out, and, after prolonged negotiation, an arrangement was effected whereby the Company surrendered all their interests

in the North-West to the Government in consideration of £300,000, and certain portions of the fertile lands, and of the land adjacent to the trading posts.

This transfer was regarded with such alarm and suspicion by the half-breed inhabitants of the country, that one of their number, Louis Riel, was able to foment a serious rebellion, and to proclaim himself Dictator of Rupert's Land. Supported by a large band of followers, he took possession of Fort Garry, on the Red River, and set up a Provincial Government.

In this crisis Donald A. Smith felt it his duty to do all that lay in his power to help towards a solution of the difficulty, and offered his services to the Government for that purpose. Sir John Macdonald was glad to appoint him Special Commissioner to enquire into the trouble and to act as mediator amongst the disaffected people.

In the troublous time that ensued Mr. Smith had a prominent part, at no small personal risk, being taken prisoner shortly after his arrival on the ground by Riel, who issued the following order to his guards:

"Shoot that Scotchman Smith if he makes an attempt to escape, or disobeys my commands."

Through it all Mr. Smith steadily pursued the main object of his mission, namely, the undermining of the rebel leader's power, and when it became evident that to completely crush the rebellion the intervention of troops would be necessary, he, having previously obtained his release, departed from Fort Garry to Ottawa, where he presented a full and masterly report of the whole situation.

But this did not end his active participation in the momentous affair.

In the summer of 1870, at Fort Alexander, he met Colonel Garnet Wolseley as, with his little army of red-coats, he was pressing on to Fort Garry, and with him he entered the fort soon after it had been deserted by Riel, who fled on hearing of the soldiers' approach.

Order and good government being re-established, Mr. Smith was presently elected as representative of Winnipeg in the first Legislative Assembly, and in the following year was chosen one of the four members for Manitoba in the Dominion House of Commons.

It was in March, 1871, when the new member took his seat at Ottawa, and was warmly welcomed by the chiefs of both parties. His political career was as full of dramatic incident and lively interest as could have been desired by the most enterprising of members.

At first he identified himself with the Conservative party, but parted company with them over the Pacific scandal, when, amid intense excitement, he concluded his speech in that historic debate with the significant words, "For the honor of the country no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

The bitter feeling caused by his taking this stand did not soon pass away, but in course of time Sir John Macdonald and he became thoroughly reconciled, and continued warm friends to the end of the great statesman's career.

Meanwhile Mr. Smith brought to a successful issue an operation in railroad-ing and finance that marked him out as one of the leaders of his age. The growing province of Manitoba had no communication with the rest of the world, save by the primitive Red River cart, but a railway had been partially built out from the City of St. Paul towards the rich plains of the West and the North. Bankrupt before completion, it seemed a veritable "dead horse," when the far-seeing vision of Donald A. Smith beheld in it the solution of the problem of the North-West until the great trans-continental line should be constructed.

How he enlisted the co-operation of Messrs. Kitson and J. J. Hill, of St. Paul, and Mr. George W. Stephen, of Montreal (now Lord Mountstephen), and how this quartet took hold of this

apparently hopeless "streak of iron-rust," completed it to Winnipeg, put it into good condition, equipped it with rolling-stock, and developed so vast a business over it as to pay off all its accumulated encumbrances, and pour millions of dollars into their own pockets, seems really one of the fairy tales of finance, instead of being substantial fact.

It was the renown of this achievement which indicated Messrs. Smith and Stephen as the fit and proper men to undertake the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a corporate rather than a Government enterprise, and the part they bore in that colossal scheme is a matter of household knowledge. Speaking in London in the year 1897 on the occasion of his handing over the High Commissionership to the subject of this sketch, Sir Charles Tupper said:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith."

Inasmuch as Lord Strathcona has been popularly assumed to have made a huge sum out of his connection with the Canadian Pacific, it is interesting to note the statement made to a friend by himself: "I have heard that people speak of the fortune I have gained from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Let me tell you, I would have been hundreds of thousands of pounds in pocket if I had never had anything to do with that enterprise."

The difficulties of various kinds that had to be met and overcome were such as to have appalled the stoutest hearts, and there were crises which for the moment seemed unsurmountable, that only such a man as Sir Donald could have conquered. Mr. Beckles Wilson has a story which is so characteristic it convinces one of its authenticity.

The directors were discussing ways and means with anxious faces, when Mr.

Smith entered briskly. On being informed of the situation, he promptly moved an adjournment.

"It is clear we want money," he remarked drily. "We can't raise it amongst ourselves. Let us come back tomorrow and report progress."

When they met on the following day the directors regarded each other with dismay. They had the same story of failure to tell until it came to Mr. Smith's turn.

"I have raised another million," he said, slowly. "It will carry us on for a bit. When it is spent we will raise some more."

It may be added that the private fortunes of Mr. Smith and Mr. Stephen were pledged deeply, in order that the great work might not cease, and it went on without break under the splendid direction of that matchless railway builder, W. C. Van Horne, until in November, 1885, five and one-half years before the time stipulated in the contract with the Government. Donald A. Smith drove the last spike at Craigellachie in British Columbia before a small but eminently representative gathering of men who had come to witness the significant ceremony.

In the year following Her Majesty conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

Soon after this well-deserved dignity he began that series of splendid benefactions, which still continue unabated, and which will no doubt be closed only with his life. In conjunction with Lord Mountstephen he gave one million dollars for the erection of a public hospital in Montreal on the mountain side, and subsequently the same two princely givers added another million by way of endowment. This Royal Victoria Hospital, which commemorates the good Queen's Jubilee, is a superb structure, placed upon one of the finest sites in the world, and equipped with every possible appliance for the alleviation of human suffering, and the study of disease.

Gifts of great sums to McGill University, and other important institutions followed, while through less conspicuous, though not less serviceable channels, his funds were ever finding their way to accomplish good objects. Perhaps the most historic benefaction was the equipping and maintaining entirely at his own expense of the Strathcona Horse, a body of mounted troops, raised in Canada, that rendered most valuable service during the South African War.

Although since 1874 Sir Donald had ceased to have any direct connection with the management of the Hudson Bay Company in the North-West, he had, as one of the largest shareholders, to take a deep interest in its affairs, and it was therefore not at all surprising that on the exalted position of Governor of the Company becoming vacant in 1889, he should be selected to fill it, thus completing his wonderful rise from apprentice-clerk to supreme command.

After an absence from the House of Commons of six years, he returned to it in 1887, this time as representative for the St. Antoine Division of Montreal, and was re-elected by acclamation in successive general elections until he withdrew in order to accept the post of High Commissioner for Canada in London, in succession to Sir Charles Tupper, who had resigned it in order to re-enter the field of Dominion politics.

It would require far more pages than are at the disposal of the writer to present even a bare record of what Lord Strathcona has done for his country since he became her representative in the chief city of the world. He has practically devoted his own splendid abilities and his great fortune to the service of Canada, just as though he owed her some debt of gratitude which could not be too fully repaid.

Princely alike in his hospitality, and his liberality, untiringly zealous for the interests of individuals and governments alike, unflinching, genial, and kind to all who approach him (and he is the

most approachable of men), amazingly indefatigable for one so well on in years, he has put this whole country under unparalleled obligations, while at the same time commanding for her and for himself the highest respect and regard of the people of Great Britain, who have learned more about Canada within the past seven years than they ever knew before.

Naturally, with increase of years and public services, came increase of honors. Ten years after being knighted he was advanced to a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and then, in 1897, on the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign the Queen was pleased to raise him to the Peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe and of Montreal.

It was not until a year after taking his seat in the House of Lords that the new Peer broke silence, the occasion being the moving of a bill for the legalization in the United Kingdom of marriages with a deceased wife's sister contracted in the colonies, which were still regarded as illegal in England. The Upper Chamber was crowded with a most brilliant audience, including the then Prince of Wales, and Lord Strathcona made a speech in every way worthy of the moment and of his reputation. The bill was carried by a big majority, but the Government refusing to take it up in the Lower House, nothing came of the matter.

Two years later he brought it up again, and again it was carried triumphantly, but again Lord Salisbury's Government refused to adopt it, and it fell dead, so that this aggravating colonial grievance still remains unredressed.

Although now in his eighty-third year, Lord Strathcona's activities show no abatement, and he successfully accomplishes a round of daily work that would tax the strength of many men of half his age.

Through all his life, since fortune smiled upon him, he has been much given

to hospitality, and is credited with possessing as many residences as some of his brother peers in the old land. He has at least three in Canada, to wit, Silver Heights in Manitoba, Norway House in Pictou, and the magnificent mansion in Montreal, while in Great Britain there are the estates of Knebworth and Glencoe in the country, and the great house in the city, all of which he is the master.

Every Viceroy of Canada, from the Marquis of Dufferin to the Earl of Minto has been his guest, and still more exalted personages, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the present Prince and Princess of Wales, have sojourned under his roof-tree.

With the acquisition of wealth came the opportunity to indulge his love of the beautiful, and in his later years he has formed a collection of pictures, statuary, bronzes, oriental curios, and the like whereof there are not many equals. The highest price ever paid for a modern picture (\$45,000) was given by him for Jules Breton's famous "First Communion," and in his gallery at Montreal, or adorning his English residences are superb examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Constable, and others of the masters.

Besides the public honors which have been heaped upon him, Lord Strathcona has received academic distinctions which he prizes highly. In 1887 Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Yale University followed suit five years later. In 1900 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, in succession to the Earl of Aberdeen, and since 1889 he has been Chancellor of McGill University.

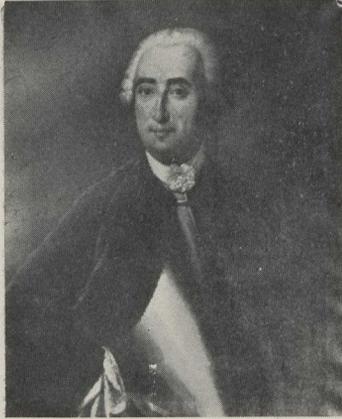
In view of what has been all too imperfectly set down here by way of giving some conception of our subject's character and achievements, it may seem hardly necessary to add that in personal intercourse he is a man of wonderful charm and exceeding impressiveness of

manner. His advancement from a lowly to an exalted position not only has not spoiled him, but has unquestionably developed the finer instincts of his nature. Those qualities which are popularly supposed to distinguish the aristocrat, such as pride, hauteur, indifference, and ingratitude are not to be found in his composition.

The exceeding graciousness of his manner is no mere surface attribute, but the true expression of his kindly nature. He delights in doing good, in conferring kindnesses, in bestowing benefactions for their own sake, and not for the sake of any plaudits the world may be moved to shower upon him. While it is impossible not to take the public into his confidence with regard to his larger benefactions, it is safe to aver that for one such which we all hear of a score have been conferred in private and known only to the giver and the recipient.

Equally unnecessary does it seem to add anything concerning his intellectual powers. His career is sufficient certificate of them, but it may at least be noted that on all occasions when he has seen fit to speak in public he has shown many of the qualities of the true orator, and has never failed to command the profound attention of his audience.

His position is to-day perhaps one of the most enviable that has ever fallen to mortal lot. Representing as he does a great country, in which he is honored and beloved from ocean to ocean, holding among the Peers of the greatest empire of the world a position which has not come to him by mere accident of birth, but has been won by his own sterling merits, enjoying practically unlimited wealth, which he finds pleasure in administering for the benefit of his fellowmen, and endowed with a vitality which promises to carry him on in the full possession of his powers to the end of his century of years, Lord Strathcona might well seem to have won the best that this world could offer.



MONTCALM



WOLFE



LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU

THE ROMANCE OF CANADIAN HISTORY

By FRANK YEIGH

(Illustrated from photographs taken by the author.)

THERE is a romance of Canadian history—a romance that is revealed not only by the pen of the historian, but suggested, even more strikingly, by the reminders of our past that exist throughout the Dominion. It is surprising, indeed, how much has survived the destructiveness of man and the ravages of time in fortress and citadel, in earthwork and rampart, in battlefield and burial ground, in historic houses and churches.

In these surviving reminders of the long past days, every epoch of Canadian history is recalled: the early dominion of the Indian, the French regime, the British conquest, the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and the Rebellion of 1837-8.

It is my purpose, therefore, to recall by word and illustration, a few of these points of historic interest, stretching from Louisbourg in the East to Fort Garry in the West, and to retell the tales they stand for.

Louisbourg easily ranks first as the king of ruins in Canada. Away down by the Cape Breton seashore, where the anthem of the Atlantic

is ever heard, stand the remnants of the once proud stronghold of the King of France in America, that had cost his most Christian Majesty millions of pounds to build, and many a valiant soldier in the efforts to hold it. It is difficult to realize to-day, standing under the ruins of the King's bastion, the original might and greatness of Louisbourg, when its walls, mounting over two hundred cannon, extended for a mile and a quarter in circumference, and when a force of four thousand picked warriors were marshalled in its defence. Where once was heard the roar of cannon and the beating of drums, during the two sieges of the fortress, now one gazes on a quiet pasturage, a scene of pastoral peace, where the clover blooms on the remaining earthworks, and the waves of ocean chant a requiem over the graves of the soldier dead. A thrilling story it is that Louisbourg tells of the part it played in the great duel between France and England.

Nova Scotia is specially rich in connecting links with its past. Annapolis is the oldest European settlement on the con-



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE KING'S BASTION IN LOUISBOURG FORTRESS.

continent north of Florida, merits attention, but the ruins of its 17th century fortress speak of the fierce Franco-English conflict for supremacy in old Acadia. The remnants of the grassy ramparts, and the stone barracks, speak of French occupation when the spot was known as Port Royal, and of the visits of Champlain and DeMonts at an even earlier day. For over a century it was a stronghold for the possessors of New France, until 1710, when a company of New Englanders captured the fortress and renamed it Annapolis, in honor of Queen Ann. The last warlike scene—one of many during the long years—was witnessed in 1781, when two American armies captured the fort and plundered the little town.

Coming to the St. Lawrence, the old town of Tadoussac, nestling under the Laurentian hills, is one of the important cradles of Canadian history, beside being

the oldest settlement in French Canada. It was an established fur-trading post as far back as 1600, and even long before that—in 1535—its site was visited by Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage from France to the then unknown world of the North.

A romantic reminder of the past in Tadoussac is the present church of the Jesuit missions, built in 1750, on the site of an earlier one, erected nearly a century before, at a time when the diocese of "the black robes," as the Indians called them, stretched from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay—almost an Empire in area. But the chief historic object in Tadoussac to-day is the original bell which, for two hundred and fifty years, has called its worshippers to prayer. The old bell, that has thus rung nearly a score of generations in and out of life, is the centre of a curious legend regarding the Jesuit missionary—Father La Brosse—



THE OLD TADOUSAC CHURCH.

who died at Tadoussac in 1782. He had been toiling all day, so the story runs, and surprised his friends when, rising to go, he bade them good-bye—forever! At midnight, he declared, he would be dead, adding that the chapel bell would toll for his passing soul at that very hour! The priest directed that Messire Compain (who would be waiting for him the next day at Isle-aux-Coudres) should wrap him in his shroud and bury him. The hours passed by, and true enough, at the first stroke of midnight the chapel bell began to toll. Trembling with fear, his friends entered the church, and there, prostrate before the altar, with hands joined in prayer, lay Pere La Brosse, dead! The next day was ushered in by a violent storm, but four of his flock risked their lives on the canoe journey to Isle-aux-Coudres, where, sure enough, Messire Compain was waiting for them, saying that he was forewarned of their strange errand, for the night before the bell of his island church had also been tolled by invisible hands, and a voice had given him his instructions. In all the missions that Pere La Brosse had served, the church bells, it is said, rang out their requiem at the midnight hour.

I will pass by the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the riches of whose historical treasures are too well known to require an extended reference. One may spend

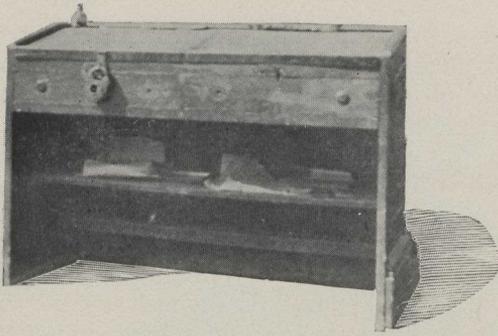
days of genuine pleasure in searching out all these great centres have to reveal of the prominent part both played in the unfolding of our national drama.

Many a tangible reminder of the Rebellion days of 1837-8 remain in Ontario and Quebec. In Toronto, at No. 82 Bond Street, still stands the three-storey house presented to William Lyon Mackenzie by his friends toward the end of his stormy life, and in which, in 1861, he passed away. In the Toronto Necropolis, beneath a wide-branched mountain ash, rests the dust of this "Stormy Petrel" of the 'thirties. Additional existing mementoes of the same period are found in the legislative desk Mackenzie used in the old Front Street Parliament Buildings, and which is now preserved in the log cabin of the York Pioneers in Exhibition Park.

At the north-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets stands a frame building, once known as the Doel House, in which



HOUSE (IN CENTRE OF ROW) IN WHICH
WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE DIED,
82 BOND ST., TORONTO.



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE'S DESK, AS MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE, NOW IN YORK PIONEERS' CABIN, EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO.

the leading Reformers of the day met and organized the agitation against the Family Compact.

Dundas boasts of a house where Mackenzie lived in the early twenties, and Queenston contains the tottering ruins of Mackenzie's printing office, wherein was printed, in 1824, the first copies of the famous *Colonial Advocate*.

The mention of Mackenzie naturally suggests the name of his French-Canadian compatriot, Louis Joseph Papineau. Midway between Montreal and Ottawa, on the wooded banks of the Ottawa River, stands the Papineau chateau, filled with interesting souvenirs of its once famous owner, and containing an unique library and museum in an ivy-covered round tower. In the grounds of the estate are the burial vaults containing the re-

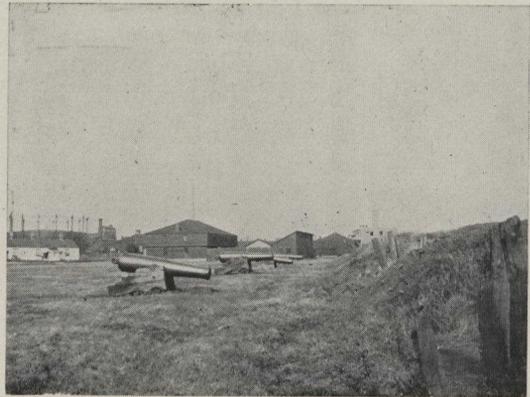


PAPINEAU'S HOME, MONTEBELLO, QUE.

mains of Papineau and members of his family.

In Toronto, the Old Fort is the most interesting of all the historic landmarks. A marble tablet, placed at its entrance by the Canadian Club, tells its history in succinct terms:

"The Old Fort, established by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, at the mouth of Garrison Creek, in 1796, for the Queen's Rangers; garrisoned by British troops during the War of 1812-14, and at different times until 1871. Captured by American troops April 27, 1813, during the attack on York; evacuated May 1, 1813." Such is the story in brief of the one spot in



OLD CANNON AND EARTH-WORKS, OLD FORT, TORONTO.

Toronto that saw actual warfare, and it is to be regretted that the place is being allowed to go to decay. The old cannon have been removed, and the buildings are gradually being demolished. The Old Fort certainly deserves to be kept intact as one of the city parks.

Three Canadian rivers have witnessed a succession of historic scenes: the St. Lawrence, Detroit and Niagara, notably the latter. All along its western banks are to be found reminders of the early settlement of Upper Canada, and the war of 1812. In old Niagara—the mother town of the province—the ruins of Fort George are redolent of the struggles of 1812-14. The beautiful sycamore tree, towering above the earthworks of what



OLD GAGE HOUSE, BATTLEFIELD OF STONEY CREEK.

has been called Brock's bastion, recalls the name of that heroic leader of a brave band of defenders. At the western mouth of the river, Fort Mississauga, built by Sir Gordon Drummond in 1814, is yet intact, facing across the stream the older Fort Niagara with its eighteenth century French castellated portion showing above its walls. The parish church of St. Marks is another landmark, with its soldier graves and traces of earthworks crossing the burial ground. On the outskirts of the town in one direction is the neglected Butler's Rangers Cemetery, and, in another, the French hawthorns, a supposed legacy from the pioneers of New France long before England had thought of establishing herself on the Niagara.

Queenston Heights is another name to conjure with. While the stately pillar to the memory of Brock regally crowns the grassy height, down in the village is the cottage from which Laura Secord started on her journey to Decew Falls; a mile to the north, an earth ridge marks

the site of Vrooman's Battery of 1812, and on the slopes of the heights, near where Brock fell, traces of the trenches of the dead are observable.

As Queenston Heights witnessed one of the first battles of the struggle of 1812, so Lundy's Lane saw the last—the Gettysburg of the conflict. Within sound of the great cataract, the fallen dead sleep under the green sod, a granite cairn reminding a forgettable generation of all the spot stands for in our national life.

Yet a further memory of 1812 is suggested at the battlefield of Stoney Creek, where stands the old Gage House, used as the headquarters of the American troops in their unsuccessful march on Hamilton and the West. Adjoining the main road a plateau is pointed out as the site of the American battery on that occasion.

The old Mohawk church, near Brantford, is a connecting link between the white and red men. Not only is the structure claimed to be the first Protestant church built in Upper Canada—erected



BAS-RELIEF ON THE FIRST BROCK'S MONUMENT DESTROYED BY BEING BLOWN UP.

on the Six Nations' Reserve in 1784, but it was the recipient of two royal favors—the bell being the gift of George the Third, and the silver communion service coming from Queen Anne. Beside the church is the grave of the old chieftain, Thayendanegea, Joseph Brant, whose sixty-five years were spent in many varied activities. Twice he went on the war path as a boy, and also took a leading part in the fight against Pontiac. Then came the American Revolution of 1755 when, as Chief of the Iroquois Confederation of the Six Nations, Brant rendered valuable service for British rule in Canada.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF OLD FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG.



OLD ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.

A recent discovery in the county of Norfolk takes us back in imagination two hundred and thirty-four years. The foundations have been traced of the winter home of Father Galinee and Dollier-de-Casson, erected in 1669 by these pioneer explorers of the French King.

Many another relic of the past might be referred to did space permit. A block-house of 1812 stands near Amherstburg. Old gunboats, dating from the same



FORT ROUILLE, EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO.

period, have been rescued from the waters of the Thames near Chatham. In the county of Simcoe, the sites of the Huron villages have been surveyed. The shores of the Georgian Bay show many an evidence of the rule of the red men and the visits of the Jesuit fathers. At Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William one is reminded, not only of these early occupants of the land, but of a later day when the Hudson Bay Company controlled almost half a continent.

Finally, Winnipeg—the city of the Western plains—is reached, a city that has sprung from the rich prairie in a generation, and within its heart stands a solitary gateway of the old Fort Garry of the 'sixties.

Thus is the romance of Canadian history recalled, in every corner of the broad Dominion, covering four centuries of time. And may the last word be a plea for the preservation of everything that reveals our historic past.



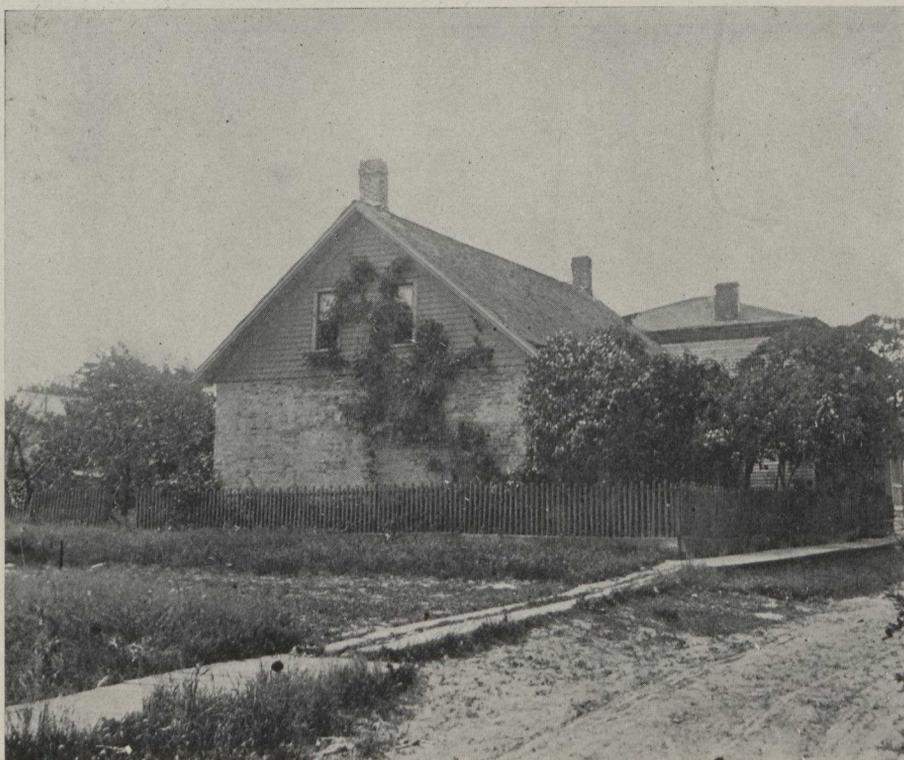
9887—TADOUSAC BAY.

WM. NOTMAN & SON, PHOTO, MONTREAL.

TADOUSAC



LOUISBOURG MONUMENT.



LAURA SECORD'S HOUSE, CHIPPAWA.

THE PREMIER'S UNDERSTUDY

By MAX JESOLEY

WHEN the new member for Sunderland was introduced to the House of Commons, being led in, as was the practice, between two Cabinet Ministers, and by them formally presented to the Speaker amid hearty cheers from the Government benches, his appearance created a decided sensation, the resemblance he bore to the Premier being so remarkable that he might well have been taken for a twin-brother.

They both had tall, shapely figures, inclining to slightness, clear-cut, smooth-shaven countenances, high, white foreheads, leading up to waving hair already touched with silver, and large grey-blue eyes, through which shrewd, strong natures looked out upon the world.

Yet, not only was there no family connection, but, as a matter of fact, the Premier had never set eyes upon his new supporter (whose advent was especially welcome since he had redeemed a constituency from the Opposition at a time when the Government majority was uncomfortably small), until Mr. Anstruther came to take his seat.

"Most extraordinary, Sir Robert," whispered the Minister of Finance, whose desk adjoined the Premier's, "If you were not sitting beside me I'd swear it was *you* being introduced. Never saw a more striking likeness in my life."

The Premier regarded the new member more intently, and had no difficulty in appreciating the similarity himself.

"It certainly *is* curious," he replied, and then, after a slight pause, he added, "Do you remember Edward Hale's famous story, 'My Double and How He Undid Me?'" I trust Mr. Anstruther may not be fated to serve me in similar fashion."

What was at first a joke presently became considerable of a nuisance, so far at least as Anstruther was concerned, for, although, of course, the residents at the Capital soon ceased to confuse him with his more distinguished double, among the unceasing stream of visitors there were many who naturally enough continued to make the mistake, and Anstruther frequently found himself in somewhat embarrassing situations.

Telling Sir Robert of this one day in an aggrieved tone that was mainly assumed, the Premier laughed heartily.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, patting him on the shoulder familiarly, "You really are doing me a service, for which I'm profoundly grateful. If I were only king of this country with absolute power, instead of being merely the creature of a moment, I would certainly make you my understudy, with a handsome salary, just to save me some of the wear and tear of my position."

Aside altogether from this accident of appearance, Mr. Anstruther commanded consideration, because of ability beyond the common. His maiden speech won him a reputation, which he strengthened by subsequent utterances, and the Government rejoiced over so valuable an acquisition to their debating forces.

"If Sir Robert keeps his hold on the reins you'll see Anstruther in the Cabinet yet, they want just such a man. He seems well up in everything, and he has a very taking way with folks."

So spoke a shrewd old member whose opinions carried weight, and with whom not many were disposed to disagree.

Toward the end of the session, when the pressure of public business upon the

Premier was at its height, a bye-election had to be held in a distant constituency.

Under ordinary circumstances the Government candidate would have been left to fight the battle with the aid of some of the lesser lights of the party, but in this instance there were reasons which rendered the personal assistance of the Premier important, if not indeed imperative.

The contest was certain to be close, the majority in the House could ill-afford to be reduced, a general election loomed in the near future, and the gain of the seat by the Opposition would mean a serious loss of prestige to the Government. Consequently, despite the extreme difficulty of getting away from the toils of office which so enmeshed him, the Premier had promised to appear in the constituency, and speak in his supporter's behalf the night before the election.

The day preceding this appointment Mr. Anstruther happened to call upon the Premier at his own house, and was much concerned to find his political chief looking very ill.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," said Sir Robert, anticipating his anxious inquiry. "Just a touch of the old complaint, but my doctor tells me I must lay up for a couple of days, if I don't want to be completely prostrated, and you know I've promised to speak at North Shelburne to-morrow night."

"So you have," responded Anstruther, knitting his brows, "and from all accounts you're needed there badly, too. The Opposition seem to have got a better man than we have, and they're putting up a stiff fight."

"That's just it," continued Sir Robert, an unwontedly troubled expression clouding his handsome features, "and I'm in a regular box. I've been turning the thing over in my mind until my head's dizzy, but I can't see a way out of it."

"I suppose none of the other Minsters could do in your place," murmured An-

struther, knowing very well that they would not.

"No," growled Sir Robert. "The North Shelburne people insist upon my coming, and they are such a touchy dour folk that if I don't go we may lose the seat."

There ensued a pause, during which Anstruther gazed into the fire as though he hoped to find there some solution to the difficulty, while the Premier studied his face with particular intentness.

Then a sudden light came into the latter's haggard countenance, and he made as if to speak, but checked himself.

Anstruther looked at him inquiringly.

"Have you thought of something?" he asked in a tone which had an accent of hope.

There was something approaching shyness in the Premier's expression, as if he feared that what he thought of would seem absurd to his friend, and his lips had a deprecating curve when he answered:

"It's a preposterous notion, of course, but I may as well out with it. What would you think of going to North Shelburne in my place? They call you my double, you know."

Anstruther sprang to his feet, completely startled out of his wonted self-control. He paced the length of the room with quick, nervous strides, while Sir Robert regarded him anxiously. Then he returned and stood before the Premier.

"Have you ever been there? Does anybody know you?" he asked abruptly.

"Never was within a hundred miles of the place in my life, and, so far as I know, not a soul there has ever seen me," was the response.

Anstruther's face lit up with a sudden resolve.

"Then, by Jove! I'll do it," he cried, holding out his hand. "It's a big risk, but the game's worth it. Do you agree?"

Sir Robert rose and grasped the extended hand warmly.

"The game is worth it, and we'll play it out," he responded.

The next morning Anstruther took the train for North Shelburne and had a long day on the cars to arrange his speech.

Late in the afternoon, having fallen asleep, he was awakened by the entrance of two men, who took the seat just behind his. From their conversation it presently became clear that they were going to North Shelburne to the meeting, and were looking forward eagerly to hearing the Premier.

"Have you ever seen him, Sam?" one asked the other, and Anstruther's heart stood still as he awaited the answer.

"To be sure I have, Joe, and talked with him, too," was the proud response.

Anstruther shrank down in his seat, and pulled his travelling cap over his face. If the fellow was speaking the truth he would be an element of danger, and he did not propose that he should have the chance of proving his acquaintance any sooner than was absolutely necessary.

When they reached North Shelburne Anstruther did not move until the men had left the car, and he took a good look at them as they passed him on their way to the door.

He was met by a fussy committee, which greeted him effusively, and as he stood on the platform he saw his fellow-travellers near by.

"There he is now, why don't you go up and shake hands with him, Sam?" said Joe, pushing his friend forward.

But Sam reddened, and held back until the committee had bustled importantly away, and the opportunity was gone.

The truth was he had been simply making an unfounded boast, and Anstruther, noting his confusion, took heart of grace therefrom.

Having been escorted to the hotel, Anstruther, on plea of a nasty headache, was suffered to have a quiet dinner, and

to remain in his room until the time for the meeting.

His appearance on the platform evoked an outburst of applause, that for the first time made him forget the fears which had been oppressing him all day.

"It's a ten to one chance, may be," he said to himself, "but I believe I'll carry it through all right."

The Chairman made the usual floundering speech, the gist of which was the great honor the Premier had conferred upon North Shelburne by paying it a visit, and the assurance that the majority given next day to the Government candidate would show how this honor was appreciated.

Mr. Harrington, the candidate, followed, with a weak, rambling address, that made Anstruther marvel how he had ever come to be the choice of the party in that constituency, and then Anstruther rose to speak.

Now ever since he had taken an interest in politics, Sir Robert had been his particular admiration. He never missed hearing or reading his speeches, and he had followed every incident of his career with unflinching interest. He knew by heart many of his best stories, and could imitate him to the life in the telling of them. Moreover, Sir Robert had fully instructed him as to the line he should follow, and the pledges he should make.

Inspired by the enthusiasm of the close-packed audience, and thrilled by an excitement *they* never suspected, he was soon launched into the full current of his speech. Surrendering himself completely to the spirit of the moment, he held his audience spell-bound for the space of an hour, while he plied them with argument and appeal on behalf of the Government cause, again and again "bringing down the house" by a telling anecdote, or effective illustration. Never had he spoken so well in his own name as now that he was impersonating his leader. His effort lacked no element of success, and

when he concluded the election of the Government candidate was a foregone conclusion.

Amid tumultuous cheering the meeting broke up, and Anstruther, feeling extremely well pleased with himself, was being escorted to the hotel by a crowd of admirers, when they encountered a similar crowd coming from the opposition meeting with the rival candidate in their midst.

Flouts and jeers were at once interchanged. Blows quickly followed, and then rose above all the startling report of a revolver.

Anstruther felt a sharp shock, and an agonizing pain in his right side. His first impulse was to cry out, "I've been shot," but instantly he checked himself. If it were known that he, the supposed Premier, had received the bullet, there would inevitably be a tremendous uproar, and concealment of the truth would be impossible. He must at all hazards try to reach his room without his injury becoming known.

Awed by the sound of the revolver, the combatants ceased their strife, the two parties separated, and Anstruther's resumed its progress, its members mingling apologies for the disturbance with revilings of their opponents.

Not one of them suspected what had happened, and Anstruther, although suffering intensely, and growing weaker every moment, by heroic self-control managed to reach the hotel without having to disclose the secret.

Here his ghastly face at once attracted attention.

"You're looking ill, Sir," said his Chairman, solicitously, "I fear you have over-exerted yourself."

"I *am* rather played out," Anstruther answered with a superb effort to smile bravely, "If you will be good enough to excuse me, I think I will just go to my room, and perhaps you might ask a doctor to look in for a minute."

It was an immense relief when he was at last alone, and could throw himself down upon the bed to await the arrival of the doctor.

When he came and examined the wound, he looked very grave.

"You have had a very narrow escape, Sir," he said, "the bullet has just missed a vital spot, and the bleeding has been remarkably slight. After I have attended to you it will be necessary for you to go to bed and remain there a couple of days at least."

"I can't do that," responded Anstruther in a tone of quiet determination, "I must take the midnight train for the capital."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the doctor, "that would be madness. You must keep as quiet as possible for the present."

Anstruther gave him a keen look. He was a young man with a strong, pleasant countenance; decidedly one who could be trusted.

"One moment," he said. "You can keep a secret, I am sure, or your face betrays you. I am not Sir Robert."

"Not Sir Robert!" cried the doctor. "What do you mean?" And it was not difficult to detect the disappointment he felt at his patient not being the Premier after all.

"Let me explain," answered Anstruther, and he told the whole story to his astonished listener, concluding with, "Now you understand my position, I must get away from here to-night, or the whole thing will be out in time to play the mischief with the election."

"But you're taking your life in your hands to travel with that wound," protested the doctor.

"Well, it's my own life, isn't it?" returned Anstruther, smiling gallantly.

"By George, Sir, you're a hero!" blurted out the doctor, impulsively, grasping his hand, "and I'll see you through; I'll go with you."

"You're awfully good," responded An-

struther, "I'll be so glad to have you, and you will not lose by it."

The train was caught, and the return journey accomplished, not without great suffering on Anstruther's part, which he was helped to endure by the comforting conviction that North Shelburne knew naught of the little drama that had been enacted before its very eyes.

It was many days ere he again appeared in public. But in the meantime

the important election had been decisively won, and although it was, of course, impossible to keep the cat in the bag concerning his impersonation of the Premier permanently, when it did get out the country was in the humor to treat it as a good joke, and to fully appreciate Anstruther's pluck, and neither he nor the leader lost any prestige by the performance.

HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS

A GOOD many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good.

Some women go about it as though their husbands were bobbies, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water. Others let them by their carelessness, freeze. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways. Others "roast" them, and some keep them in pickle all their lives.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are really delicious when cooked properly.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as in salmon.

Be sure and select him yourself. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to the door, and it is far better to have none unless you know how to cook him. Get a preserving kettle of the finest porcelain, or if you have nothing but earthenware it will do with care.

See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely laundered, and well mended with the required number of buttons tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle

with a strong silken cord called comfort as the one called duty is apt to be weak, and they are likely to fly out and be burned and crusty on the edges, for husbands, like crabs, must be cooked when alive.

Make a steady fire of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as agrees with him. If he should smoke or fizz, do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account.

A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment.

Do not stick him with any sharp instrument to see if he is tender. Stir gently, watching all the while, lest he should lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, and will keep long, unless you become careless and put him in a cool place.

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

THE ACTOR FROM THE GLOBE

A SKETCH OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

"But is this law?"

"Aye, marry, is't; crowner's quest law."

A GREAT play! Egad, a great thievery, to my mind!" said Master Thomas Greene, of the Red Bull Playhouse, as he strode through the muddy London streets with William Kempe at his side.

His companion shrugged his shoulders, smiled forbearingly, and said nothing.

"Heminge brings me the blessed play," went on the fiery Greene, "and all but crams the pages of the same down my gullet, and talks day in and day out of your Romeos and your Lucretias and your Richards, till it raises my gorge like beans and buttermilk. But mark my words, Will Kempe, for all his sugared sonnets and his trumped-up coats-of-arms and his buying of old houses up in Warwick, this same filching clodpate of yours is going to drive all honest men off the stage!"

William Kempe laughed lightly, seeming to know more than he cared to say. "Why so, sirrah?" he asked, with a good-natured dubiousness.

"Zounds, what with his patching-up of other men's work, and his airy picking up of this and that about the play-houses, and what with these long-faced Puritans bullying honest actors out of London Town, we shall all soon be turning to gentlemen joiners and gypsies!"

The other said nothing, but wrapt in thought, parted with his companion at the next corner. Though of one company, it was plain they were not of one mind.

It was a heavy, disheartening afternoon of late November. The rain had

been falling thinly, but by this time had blown over, leaving a heavy drizzling fog hanging like a blanket on all London.

As William Kempe hurried through the narrow London streets on his way to the Falcon Tavern, he noticed that neither the well-known Bear Garden nor the familiar walls of the new Globe Theatre could be seen through the heavy yellow mist that hung over the Bankside.

The dismal, unlighted streets were all but deserted, and it was only now and then that a muffled cry or two came up from the crowded shipping on the river. Elizabethan London could boast of little pavement, and already Gravile Lane was deep with mud and water. At the foot of Old Paris Garden the Thames lay wrapt in its impenetrable fog.

When he saw, at last, the genial light glimmering from the little square windows of the Falcon, he knocked the rain from his sodden cap, gave his wet cloak an impatient shake, and pushed on through the mud and damp with a sense of returning satisfaction.

From the Red Bull play-house in upper St. John Street to the Bankside was a long tramp, and he was chafing under his ill-luck as he felt the dampness through even his thick doublet.

He had been greatly tempted to drop in at the old Mermaid, not less in popular favor than the Falcon, but he knew well enough, come five o'clock, the old coterie, on such a day, would crowd out of the smoke and torch-glare of the darkened Globe, and make through the rain for the neighboring Falcon. There, he knew, they would be found—men of letters and gentlemen of quality all. For William

Kempe, actor and stage-jester, was as fond of good-fellowship as he was of good sack.

He knew he could have sat down to just as excellent ale elsewhere, and enjoyed it in a dry jerkin at that, but in some way the thought of the Falcon and the old faces seemed to draw him like a magnet through the muddy London lanes and the darkening little streets.

As he stepped, moist and dripping, into the low-ceilinged and fire-lit room, the hum of voices, and the odor of the ale, and the Canary which the good Ben so loved and eulogized, and the pleasant warmth and shadows—all seemed like a sudden vague reminiscence to him, a picture that he had seen time and time again, long ago, and half forgotten.

For there, some clustered about the big fire-place and some back in the dusky corners of the shadowy room, sat almost every man of note in the London theatrical world. There was good old Ben himself, sulky and silent for the moment, with the honors of Cynthia's Revels still hanging over him, and with his sack chalice in his fat hand. Beside him John Heminge and Will Sly were tilted back in their seats. On the big oak settle, with the fire-light on their faces, lounged Drayton and Henry Condell and Philips, while back from the fire, in the uncertain twilight, sat Lawrence Fletcher and Dick Burbage, with a young actor of the Globe and Bob Armin.

As Kempe entered the room, the young actor from the Globe, warm with wine, was shouting across the table: "Aye, aye, Master Heminge, and you too, Henry Condell, of a truth shall I remember you both in my will!"

Ben Jonson's small eyes glanced sullenly over his sack pot at the speaker. "The young sot," he muttered, not altogether ill-naturedly, to Heminge, "a wondrous pile will he leave in his will, what with his goings on and his drinkings and his toadying after that cock-

fighting Southampton and roistering young Sir William—the rustic sot!"

As Kempe stood drying himself by the fire he saw that the actor from the Globe had overheard the remark. He seemed, in truth, to overhear everything. For a moment Kempe caught his eye, and both smiled. In some way they seemed to understand each other. Then Will Sly leaned over from the settle and whispered to Kempe:

"He's out of sorts, is Ben! They've been at it again, he and Ben, you know, and our dapper Will worsted him. Egad, it was good! 'A lime and hair rhymster!' said Will. 'Deer stealer!' growled Ben. 'Ho, muse of the mortar-trough!' quoth Will, 'stand forth!' 'Bah,' growled Ben, 'an' I laid bricks, 'twas more honest labor than the filching of plays!' 'Cynthia,' lisped Will, 'there's lime in this sack!' Zounds, but 'twas good!"

Kempe glanced over at Ben. He was busy drowning his chagrin in good sack.

In the hallway to the right a sudden scuffling took place. The loungers in the tap-room could hear little screams and shouts of laughter. Three lusty chambermaids were thrusting a slim young pick-pocket out into the street. The indignant youth was making futile struggles as he was hurried along the hallway, but the three laughing girls seemed to enjoy not a little the boy's struggles and vicious embraces, as they jostled him out. The actor from the Globe slipped into the hall to take in the little scene.

"He's into everything, is Will!" said Bob Armin, raising his arms above his head, and yawning.

While the comedian from the Red Bull play-house stood steaming before the blaze, the actor from the Globe came in again and joined him by the fireside. He seemed, to the young comedian, to be humming through his eyes, and despite the full lines of the sensuous mouth, lightly bearded, there was an indefinable

mellowness and urbanity lurking about the eyes.

The tapster came round with his tray of sack and Canary. The actor refused a second chalice.

Then, with a half-boyish, half-whimsical smile, he slipped Ben Jonson's cloak from the settle where it lay, spread it out on the ash-sprinkled hearth, and curled up in front of the fire. Ben noticed the theft and growled: "Go to, light-fingered rhymster!"

Without turning his face from the fire the other said sleepily: "Stick to your sack, Old Galleon, and call no player in the Lord Chamberlain's Company a rhymster."

"A pox on your thieving players!" spluttered Ben, with good-natured disgust. "You steal your lines, and you steal your plots, and now, forsooth, you have taken to stealing your clothing!"

"Ay, ay!" said the other, yawning wearily, "I am indifferent honest myself—indifferent honest myself." The phrase seemed to stick in his mind, for he said it over and over again.

Before Ben Jonson had drained his mug the light-hearted player of the Lord Chamberlain's Company had fallen asleep before the fire. Jonson looked down at the slight figure with gruff affection written on his blowzy face.

"He's a wondrous worker, is our ardent Will," said Henry Condell, gazing half-womanishly at the sleeping figure with the firelight glancing on the scant brown hair and the pale brow, already slightly lined. In the hair he could see just a streak or two of grey. "Many's the hour these last four months I have seen him squatting about the play-house with his ink-horn, writing at his precious leaves, writing, forever writing!"

"He cannot come into a tavern, egad," broke in Bob Armin, "but what he must start scratching away as if the very itch were in his dirty paper. At the Mermaid some two fortnights ago I said to him,

'Now, Will,' said I, 'does this mean more sugared sonnets, forsooth, and more vile old Adams and villainous new comedies?' 'Villainous,' said he. 'Ah, well, my hearty, I shall put good flesh over their bare old bones some fine day, and then we'll see, we'll see, my hearty!'"

"Zounds!" broke in Dick Burbage, "I believe of a truth our snoring friend here thinks he has the gift of writing plays, now, like a true university wit. He's a gallant ballad-monger, is Will, and a wondrous rhymster, and can tickle our London bucks of to-day with his quips and cranks, and is, maybe, somewhat of an actor, and a good fellow, withal,—but a writer of your true play, not a bit of it, not a bit of it!"

Burbage drowned his laughter and his good-natured contempt in his big ale mug.

"He has the wit," protested Drayton, pompously, "but that unwholesome hatred of his for the unities defeats him."

"It seems to me," said Condell, glancing down at the sleeping figure, "that of late he is grown weary of it all. For of a truth, his heart seems no longer in his acting."

"And that, egad, is what comes of nosing about the Court with your fine Sir William and your swaggering Southampton," said Ben, with a knowing nod of his head. "A good thing it is this same Southampton goes into Ireland with Essex!"

"Yet think not," said Burbage, reflectively, looking up, "that our scribbler here is such a careless fellow."

"How so?" asked Drayton.

"Why," said Burbage, "have I not seen him at his great wooden chest of papers up at the Globe, and under lock and key, mind you. But a fortnight ago he sat himself down on that same great chest, after the playing of our Titus Andronicus, pulling off his silken hose and trunks. His arm knocked the candle—so

—and spilled the hot tallow on his fingers and his trunks and chest, and left us both laughing, in the dark. ‘Will,’ said I in jest, for I had noted how fondly his eye was wont to dwell on his box of blessed quill-scratchings, ‘Will, is it your precious box of plays you be trying to burn to ashes?’ How he laughed! ‘My precious box,’ said he. ‘Ha, ha, ha, my precious pile of patchings and pen-scratchings!’ Then he changed of a sudden, and caught my arm. ‘It is ill-written stuff, I grant you, Dick Burbage,’ said he, ‘yet ’tis my very heart and soul—still in the raw! But some day, Richard, some day—well—well! But think you,’ and here his face grew white all of a moment, ‘think you there’s danger of fire in this old tinder-box of a building?’—And then he says to himself, over and over again, ‘A sorry mess they’d find ’em! A sorry mess they’d find ’em!’”

At this point the sleeping figure moved uneasily. The next moment the young actor of the Globe turned his face from the fire and slowly opened his eyes. The red-faced tapster was going among his company with his huge tray of overflowing pots and mugs.

The grave-faced young barrister’s clerk, who sat under the three candles on the opposite side of the room declined another measure. This brought forth a volley of derisive comment from his light-tongued companions. But none of their jests disturbed his quiet gravity. He should have left long since, but that he was waiting for the young player of the Globe and William Kempe. He felt out of place amid their gaming and junketing.

He sat there, however, with his Plowden’s Reports on his knee, and an unfinished pot of ale beside him.

“Ho, ho, Littleton!” cried Drayton, swaying a little unsteadily on the big oak settle. “Reading, my lad, always reading! You are as bad as our Will here, with his blessed quill-scratching. Stop it, my lad, stop it. It leads to no good.”

“Ay, of a truth it does not,” said Bob Armin. “There’s our ardent Will here—out upon you, Ballad-Monger, I thought you were still sleeping.” The young actor from the Globe had reached over threateningly with the brass fire-tongs.

“But what have you in that musty old book of law, Sir Scholar, that so holds you down to it?”

The young clerk, who seemed to have an antipathy for Drayton, did not answer.

“Out with it, Littleton,” cried Ben Jonson, smitting the table with his fist. “Out with it, so long as it be none of your ardent Pit-Charmer’s piebald histories!”

The stoop-shouldered young scholar looked up and smiled. He took a light draught from his pot and said: “’Tis, sir, the wondrous and astounding case of one Sir James Hale. The good Sir James, it appears, some fifty years ago ceased to be the son of the Baron of the Exchequer, and a Justice of the Common Pleas by becoming, in brief, a suicide. Therefore,” said the young clerk, with his quiet smile, “as it is writ in law, sirs, he likewise became a felon. As the book says: ‘Whilst walking through divers streets and highways of Cambridge, he did wantonly enter a ditch flowing there-through and himself therein feloniously and voluntarily drowned.’ And the law saith and Master Plowden reports that by such an act he denied himself the right of Christian burial, and also escheated his goods and chattels to the Crown. But later our good Lady Hale causes an action of trespass to be brought against one Petit, who is herein named as a lessee, holding under the Crown, claiming that the dead can do no wrong, and, ergo, that Sir James’ aforementioned crime was not a consummate deed until after his decease. ‘The death precedes the forfeiture,’ it is written here, ‘for until the death is fully consummate, he is not a felon, for if he had killed another he

should not have been a felon until the other had been dead, and for the same reason he cannot be a felon until the death of himself be fully had and consummate!

"And it seems," continued the clerk, putting down the book, "that the sergeants for the Crown in this wonderful case held that the crime lay in the act done and performed in and during the man's lifetime, which crime was the cause of death. For the act consists of three parts, these worthy men argued, the imagination, the resolution, and the perfection. Ergo, the death is a sequel, withal, to the act. Then came Sir Anthony Brown, rest his learned bones, who delivered himself of the judgment of the court in this fashion: 'Sir James Hale is dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hale. And when did he drown himself? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hale, being alive, caused Sir James Hale to die, and

the act of the living man was the death of the dead man.' Oh, 'tis rare reading," said the clerk, taking a second light draught at his mug.

"Rare trumpery!" sneered Drayton.

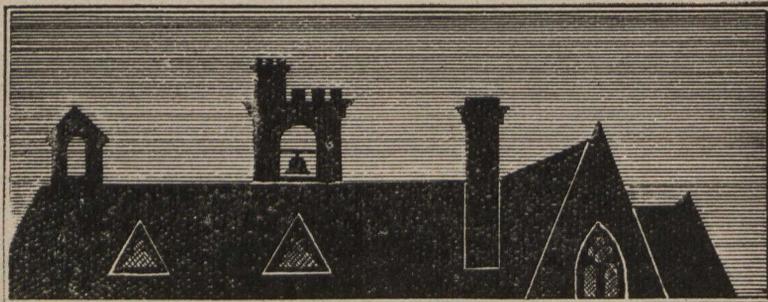
"But look at our Will there," said John Heminge, nudging Ben Jonson, now nodding drowsily before the fire. "Look at our Will there, all ears!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Burbage. "There is something for you, friend Will, to put in that dolorous Hamlet of yours, which Kempe there so talks about up and down the Bankside."

Kempe looked at the actor from the Globe with a knowing smile. They understood.

"Thanks, Richard Burbage," answered the man before the fire. "Thanks, and of a truth it shall go in, for stock-still have I been stuck in the mire with it this last three weeks."

He laughed gently to himself as he clambered up and tossed Ben back his cloak.



THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

FOREWORD.

I N threading together these few reminiscences of our little on-goings, the personal element is merely used to introduce the real story of others. In our halting narrative we have tried to tell in an easy way something of the life, feelings, and prospects of the people who inhabit the great West, rather than to enlarge on the material side of life, which has been so ably set forth by editors, pamphleteers, and blue books.

In a sense, there is no "virgin ground" for the traveller of to-day, but if we are careful to look from the right angle, we may always discover freshness and romance. It is to be found in the everyday lives of everyday people, in which, to the thoughtful observer, there is nothing commonplace.

To the kind and appreciative readers of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY, who have followed us "abroad," we dedicate these few impressions of our happy trip "At home."

EMILY FERGUSON.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE NORTH LAND.

It was just by the skin of our teeth we caught the train for Winnipeg that pulled out on this muggy April day from the Union Station at Toronto. Four or five breaths, and then we settle down to "take in" the bridal couple in the next seat. There is no mistaking them for anything but *nouveaux maries*. Their clothes are painfully new. The bride is attired in a beguiling "tailor-made." It is modish,

too, after the styles that bloom in the spring. All the women in the car are envying her (I'm the only other female) and wish they were getting married, too. It was a knowing old man who said women looked upon marriage as a clothes-line upon which to hang their millinery. *They do*, in every age and in every clime.

It is passing strange that the most important event in people's lives should evoke naught but amused smiles from on-lookers. Yet so it is. It is only the principals who feel the gravity of the situation. The view point makes the difference. Love is a communistic sentiment that brings us all down to the common level of absurdity.

At Gravenhurst there was a welcome call to supper in the refreshment room, and we all "fell to" with appetites generously uncritical. It was feeding, not lunching, but how were we to know the train would wait, when supper was on the American plan.

We keep our eyes wide open for Nature's "beauty spots," for this is Muskoka, "the country of clear sky," whose haunts of pleasure are so justly renowned. Pan and all his Satyr and Dryad followers could find a home of happiness here. Assuredly, Gravenhurst is an excellent place for the consumptive sanitarium. The untainted air, uncontaminated water, the alchemy of the sun, and electric currents of the air would revive anyone although as good as dead.

9.45. North Bay, and through a glass darkly we watch the driving rain and the quivering lances of jagged steel-blue light. Nature is getting ready for her grand Spring Opening.

In spite of the boasting about them, Pullman berths leave much to be desired. They are as comfortable and commodious as coffins. We grow dolorously eloquent of the discomfort. They are sheep-pens where we cannot stand erect, but reel to and fro and stagger like drunken men. The aristocratic darkey makes himself generally officious and objectionable. He *knows* my boots are dirty. "Of course they are," I tell him, "Very dirty. I prefer them so." There is no escaping his obsequious attentions, and as we are not a honeymoon couple or others, we cannot have a stateroom, so suffer on. At the witching hour of 23 o'clock, I am glad to call his sable Highness to beg him reason with a couple of snorers who carry on a soul-harrowing duet in tenor and mezzo-soprano with all the monotonous iteration of the drum, and the confident flamboyance of the trombone.

We wake at Chapleau, a divisional point on Lake Kabequashesing, the waters of which flow into James' Bay. Throughout the day our route lay through a dense, unbroken forest of spruce, tamarack, and poplar. The trees are of little value, and string themselves out into a tiresome blur of green, except where the white birch stems shine in satin purity. What little soil there is has an appearance anything but generous, and the vast huddle of glacier-scraped hummocks are undeniably dismal in aspect. Perhaps Mr. Clergue, or some electric American, will one day turn all this by-product to account. At present it is a picture of desolation without sublimity, and of barrenness without relief. There is no life in all these "aching leagues of solitude," save only an occasional moody raven beating the air with listless wings. No need to "spy out the nakedness of the land," it is thrust upon you at every turn. The whole scene becomes monotonous, and yet, it is a sweet monotony like the monotony of daily bread.

In the afternoon, we skirt the north shores of Lake Superior, the train running through deep rock-cuttings, viaducts and tunnels. The sweep around Jack Fish Bay is particularly fine. It is said that in the Nepigon River, which empties into Lake Superior, speckled trout weighing as much as six pounds have been caught. Later experiences in the West taught me the sad lesson that the trout lives in all the pools and can be caught whenever he will bite. I usually enjoyed the distinction of being the only person who had ever failed in that spot, so that was something.

Around Lake Superior the trees are heavier, but the relentless fire demon has given them little quarter. Nature has attempted to cover the stark, black victims with a verdant covering, and the young saplings are springing into vigor from the ashes and mouldering remains of their martyred predecessors. Looking at these barbarous, melancholy ruins, one recalls Thoreau's remark when contemplating the desolation of the forests. He said that one day the country would be so bald that every man would have to grow whiskers to hide its nakedness, but he thanked God that at least the sky was safe. I told this to the Padre, for he is "all shaven and shorn." He agreed with the statement, but he thought the case was hopeless, "For you know," he said, "any idiot can burn trees. They cannot run away, and if they could they would be chased. God saved them for centuries, but He cannot save them from fools."

Night overtook us at Port Arthur, and after a short sleep we came to a "lie still" in some wilderness. There was a smash-up a few hundred yards ahead, and we had been signalled by torpedoes on the track. It is desperate to be anchored in a fog amid icebergs, but for downright torture it is not comparable with a nocturnal position in a north country frogpond. We lay-to and listened to a *soiree musicale*, in which each performer was

ambitious of being the noisiest frog that ever croaked. There was not a note of which their throats were capable that they did not perform with all the variations. It is not at all incredible that the Abderites should have gone into voluntary exile rather than share their country unequally with frogs. Writing of these "humming-birds of the swamp," Martin Luther said, "The croaking of frogs edifies nothing at all; it is mere sophistry and fruitless." I suppose all this krink and kronk is the frog way of thrusting his amours upon our notice. In all "the majesty of mud," the cavalier is serenading his fair one, and telling her she is sweet enough to eat. But, alack a day! being only a frog, he cannot impress it with a kiss.

We had taken our meals on the Duke of York's dining car until we reached Port Arthur, and now there was none on the train. The news made us suddenly feel very hungry, especially in view of the fact that some hours must elapse before the wreckage could be cleared. The smelly people in the colonist cars were the only ones not reduced to abstemiousness. About ten o'clock, however, the train was backed down several miles to a small wayside hotel, where we were all bundled out to a greasy but abundant breakfast.

Rat Portage is a better place than it sounds. We know, because we stopped off there. It is situated at the head of the Lake of the Woods, a body of water eighty miles long and sixty broad. The

town commands a view of the watery mazes leading into the interior. It is a veritable happy hunting grounds, containing feathered spoil of the most tempting variety. If you wish to go farther afield, you will find that the moose, bear, deer, beaver, and cariboo almost jostle each other. The 10,000 islands hereabouts make this a popular summer resort for Winnipeggers.

Under the kind ciceronage of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ferguson, we were driven to view the principal points of interest. It is claimed that Rat Portage possesses the finest available water-power in the world, the Lake of the Woods, with its area of 3,000 square miles, being used as a gigantic mill-pond. It is held back by an enormous dam that was built at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and is owned by a Canadian syndicate.

The Rat Portage Lumber Company keep things busy in sawing up 275,000 feet of lumber daily, and at Keewatin, a suburb of Rat Portage, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company can grind up 4,000 barrels of flour per day. This is the day of small things for Rat Portage. The key to the great gold-fields in the district to the south, situated on the largest body of water touched by the railway between Lake Superior and the Pacific, with unrivalled water-power, unexploited fisheries and picturesque resorts, it bids fair one day to be a big place.

THE LATEST THINGS IN DRESS

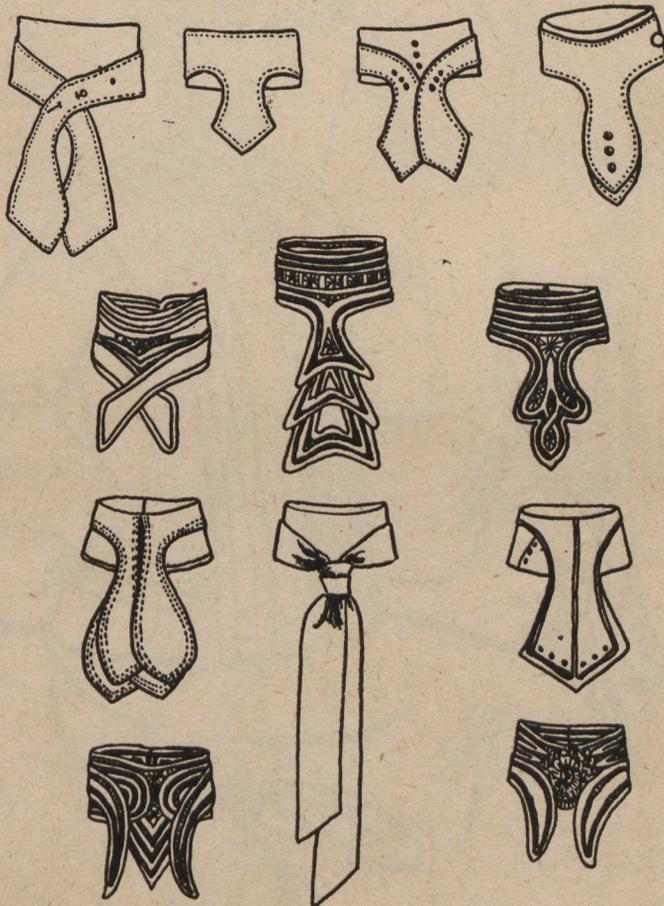






SUMMER

STOCKS







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Find yourself in need of anything whatever in Manicure Articles, TOILET PREPARATIONS, guaranteed pure and efficacious, Hair Ornaments or Hair Goods, containing the maximum of fashion, distinction, beauty and lightness, simply call to mind

PEMBER'S

We would especially draw attention to a new and stylish idea in Shell Hairpins of every color to match the natural hair. These are really beautiful and are exclusive with us. Also dainty and chic pins for the back hair.

PEMBER

ART HAIR GOODS DEALER

Scalp Specialist

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SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

ON WHAT TO SERVE DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE

Breakfasts.

Stewed rhubarb.
Cup of chicken broth.
Manitoba grits, sugar and cream.
Broiled bacon. Eggs.
French fried potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.

Strawberries and cream.
Manitoba breakfast food.
Broiled finnan haddie.
Creamed potatoes.
Corn muffins. Coffee.

Sliced bananas and cream.
Rolled oats, sugar and cream.
Lamb croquettes.
Lyonaise potatoes.
Rolls. Marmalade.
Coffee.

Stewed rhubarb.
Force, sugar and cream.
Minced beef. Poached eggs on toast.
Scalloped potatoes.
Buckwheat pancakes.
Coffee.

Raspberries.
Quaker Oats, sugar and cream.
Corned-beef hash.
Baked potatoes.
Toast. Jam.
Coffee.

Raspberries and cream.
Manitoba wheatlets, sugar and cream.
Broiled steak.
Boiled potatoes.
Sally lunn. Canned pears.
Coffee.

Stewed rhubarb.
Corn mush, sugar and cream,
Fried herrings.
Fried potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.

Luncheons.

Bovril.
Hashed beef.
Plain rice pudding.
Buns. Tea.
Ice Cream.

Clear soup.
Cold meat. Mashed potatoes.
Bread pudding.
Ice Cream.
Cocoa.

Asparagus soup.
Broiled beef-steak, water-cress.
Strawberry shortcake.
Tea.

Grilled smoked herring.
Sliced lemon.
Royal buns. Honey.
Coffee.

Tomato soup.
Fried smelts. Cold slaw.
Scalloped potatoes.
Rhubarb pie.
Biscuits. Cream cheese.
Tea.

Cream of celery soup.
Welsh rarebit. Sago pudding.
Strawberry shortcake.
Coffee.

Soup.
Boston baked beans.
Brown bread. Preserves.
Tapioca cream.
Cocoa.

Dinners.

Clear soup.
Roast leg of mutton, currant jelly.
Asparagus. Boiled potatoes.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Raspberry roly-poly.
Coffee.

Vegetable soup.
Roast beef, brown gravy.
Brown potatoes. Horse radish.
Canned corn.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Plain rice pudding. Coffee.

Tomato soup.
Roast chicken. Boiled potatoes.
Creamed carrots. Radishes.
Rhubarb pie. Custard.
Coffee.

Cream of potato soup.
British Columbia Salmon.
Boiled potatoes. Boiled beets.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Saratoga pudding, cream sauce.
Tea or coffee.

Mutton broth.
Boiled mutton.
Boiled potatoes. Canned beans.
Water-cress.
Baked apple dumplings, sweet sauce.
Coffee.

Split pea soup.
Boiled fish, parsley sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Tomatoes.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Rhubarb pie.
Tea or coffee.

Onion soup.
Lamb with mint sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Peas.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Sago pudding, cream sauce.
Coffee.



HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

HOW TO CURE "DRY DRUNK."

FIFTY years ago it was "liver;" to-day it is "nerves," and nerves that are growing at a frightfully accelerated ratio every year. "The world hums through us—the beautiful, dangerous world," till there is nothing left of our vital energy but dust and ashes.

Daily we see neurotics, neurasthenics, hysterics and the like. There are people who cannot bear sunshine in the house. The swell of the wind in the pines makes them gloomy. The crash of the thunder prostrates them with terror, the noise of the streets, the play of children, the chirp of a cricket, or a singer's practice is intolerable to them. Dore's pictures are too intense, Wagner's music too sensational, and Kipling too virile.

Nordau brutally tells us that we have moody passions, sentimental cynicisms, half ludicrous despairs, new and inscrutable degenerations; that we suffer from unrest, unnatural appetites; are whimsical, morbid, and over-delicate—and Nordau is right.

Not long ago, I was at the Asylum in London—visiting, be it understood—and one of the physicians told me the Government institutions are taxed to their utmost limits, insanity being greatly on the increase. But when the tired nerves of the patients get rested and fed, the majority of them recover.

And no wonder we have nerves. The morning paper calls for tears and subscriptions. At dinner we are expected to

talk with the tongues of men and of angels. Whiles between, we are pelted with telegrams, whirled from Dan to Beersheba, and pursued by the desperate Dollar Devil.

We even make a task of our pleasures. We must have lessons in whist before we dare play the game, and we must get the tangles out of our feet ere we "trip the light fantastic toe."

The School Fiend, by sharp rivalry and all-devouring ambition drives the over-wrought student into what physicians call "Cerebral Exhaustion."

Young men are subject to over-pressure by being placed prematurely in positions of grave responsibility, without having had any experience worth speaking of. Andrew Carnegie was set to drive an engine at thirteen, till even in sleep, the boy's nerves were as excitable as the cork of a champagne bottle when the wires are half cut.

Our children have such highly-strung organizations that if you treat your girl to a well-deserved spanking, like as not she will take "Rough on Rats." The country is full of young invalids, young wrecks, young drug-victims, young inebriates, young suicides.

The harassed bread-winner, the disappointed speculator, the workworn Martha, have not yet reached that ideal life where all shall work and none faint.

Every city is filled with nerve-specialists, and nerve-tonics. Electric machines are sold over every counter. The printing presses are kept hot with advertise-

ments for health-resorts, rest-cures, and innumerable nervine hospitals. But what of them? We go on just the same as ever. Our pleasures still sting our skin. We still become dyspeptic, melancholic, hysterical. We still work on and on regardless of the fertilizing hours of rest, and poison our nerves with tea, and our blood with stuffy air. We try hypnotism, pepsine, chloral, and alcohol, and endeavor in our artificial state of life to adjust our worthless nerves to nature's laws by artificial means.

"But what are we to do about it?" you ask. We curse the Nerve Fiend with deep curses. We bid him lift his beak from out our hearts, his form from off our door, but the mangy demon only mocks us with his sinister, damnable "Nevermore."

But you *can* rout him. I know it, for I've "been there." I have had the "dry drunk" very badly—that is want of nerve control; and I've had its delirium tremens, too,—that is nervous prostration. I hide my face in confusion when I think of it, but my youth and inexperience must be my excuse. I am too poor to afford "nerves" now—and too wise.

Several years ago, we spent a couple of weeks in Merritton, Ontario. I went everywhere, photographed nearly everything, and talked to everybody, and then, to relieve the intolerable *ennui*, borrowed some books from the parson's library. It was one of these books that gave me the key to the subject of nerves. All I had to do was to turn the key. It turned heavily and slowly, but surely, and you may turn it, too.

The book was written by Annie Payson Call, and is entitled "Power Through Repose." It taught me that it was foolish to take periodic rests. What I needed was to *rest always*.

This does not mean cessation from work; on the contrary, it means more work and better work.

In nearly all labor, and even in rest, it is

our habit to keep the nerves tense instead of relaxed. This is wrong. We may hurry with our muscles, but not with our nerves.

If you have to catch a train and have not time to take "Shank's mare," then you will hastily take a carriage, but in your anxiety you will doubtless keep up exactly the same strain that you would have had in walking. Your spine will be rigid, your muscles tense, and you will be hurrying mentally. It is needless to remind you that this strain is not only useless, but is exhausting your vital forces. Why not relax yourself and let the horses take the tension?

To most of us, an hour's wait at the depot is as tiresome as a day's work. Like the German soldiers, we look as if we had swallowed ramrods, and we feel like it, too. Much of the fatigue of the journey comes from our unconscious officious effort of trying to carry the train instead of letting the train carry us.

In driving, we resist the motion instead of yielding to it. If we go round a corner quickly, we waste our nervous force by stiffening ourselves and pressing our feet forcibly against the floor.

In writing, we get a hard, unyielding pen, and hold it as if all the principalities and powers of darkness were trying to pull it away. We write with our jaw set, our throats contracted, and with a powerful tension of the tongue muscles. No wonder we get writer's cramp.

To rest the hands, and incidentally the nerves, stop writing every half hour, stretch out your fingers, and let the muscles relax of their own accord. It will not take long to change the habit from one of tension to one of ease.

This habit of relaxation is not acquired at once, but it is decidedly worth while acquiring. Lift a baby's arm and let it fall. There is no tightness of the nerves. This is why children do not injure themselves when they tumble. Lift a cat when she is quiet, and see how perfectly relaxed

she is in every muscle. If we could learn to rest like this, five minutes would give us more refreshment than an hour in the usual way.

When you rest, *be a dead weight*. Let the bed hold you instead of your trying to hold yourself on the bed. Let your spine *give* to the bed. Don't try to work yourself to sleep. If you are fully relaxed sleep will come. In other words, let go of your muscles, and you will find you have let go of your nerves as well.

Or you may lie on your face with the chest relaxed. This is how children often sleep. A member of the celebrated Alpine Club told me that the guides made the climbers take short rests in this manner. It relaxes the spinal column quicker than in any other way, and rests the whole body.

Visitors tire us because we talk all over ourselves. We shake our heads, wrinkle our faces, and wash our hands with "invisible soap," and "imperceptible water," and not content with this, we reflect the visitor's talking all over. We should talk only with our vocal apparatus. What we lose in expressive power, we will gain in force.

The spine is the centre of the nervous system. To save it in lifting, press hard with the feet on the floor and *think* the power of lifting in the legs. Try it, and you will be surprised how you will be freed from strain.

When you go to a picture-gallery, your eyes ache. It is because you go out too far to meet the pictures. You should be quiet and let the pictures come out to meet you.

It is a great temptation to most of us to meet the irritability of others by echoing it, but it is a vastly greater relief to relax yourself and refuse to reflect it. In this way you keep a clear head, a good heart, and a steady nerve.

Never resist a worry. Let it slip off your nerves, and it will disappear.

This subject opens up innumerable sug-

gestions as to how to rout the Nerve Demon, but you can find them out by practising relaxation for yourself.

The whole prescription may be summed up thus: *You cannot have repose of nerve unless you have repose of muscle.*



SOME SECRETS FOR GIRLS.

EXPLANATORY:

THESE secrets are for women only —the men can shift for themselves.

These secrets are intended for poor girls. The rich girl does not need them, for no matter how ill-favored, cross-grained, hysterical, or sickly she may be, she is sure to find a husband.

These secrets are not to be accepted as though they were personally proven by the writer. If one is seen with her hat in her hand, every one leaps to the conclusion that it fits her head. Even so, any woman discussing the grand passion with its whirling implications will be suspected of advertising her own experiences. This explanation is made, not because I fear publicity in the matter, but because I positively refuse to be held responsible

for any unfortunate results that may arise from the experimental use of these secrets.

Of a truth, my personal experiences were so absurdly brief as to be hardly worth relating. Reared at a certain well-known boarding-school, with the other girls, I was taught to take immediate alarm whenever a horrid man appeared on the horizon (which horrid man we secretly considered *such* a love, with *such* a moustache), and to screen ourselves behind the governesses, like scared birdlings hiding from the ken of a hawk.

As the natural result, most of the birdlings were engaged at sixteen, and I, even I, *Janey Canuck*, among the number.

This is why my advice must be accepted as the resultant only of observation and worldly wisdom, yet, it must not be held lightly on this account, for it will at least have the saving grace of impartiality and freedom from bias.

Being disclosed under the cover of a pen-name, this advice will also have the advantage of an entire freedom from pose. People rarely tell the whole truth in discussions on these subjects because they assume an artificial position. It is only under the shield of a *nom de plume* that we can uncover our inmost opinions; that we can be cold, calculating, slow.

* * *

At what age should a woman marry? I should say at the marriage.

* * *

Men prefer girls from eighteen to twenty-eight.

* * *

Now, if you have been angling and never got a bite, don't fall into a panic. You know "There never was a goose so grey," etc., and then the fishing is sure to be better to-morrow.

* * *

It is said if you anoint the wings of a dove with sweet ointment, and set it loose,

it will allure others to its dove-cote by its fragrance. The meaning of this. I leave for your own elucidation.

* * *

If a man meets you at six and proposes to you at nine, rest assured he will forget you by twelve.

* * *

"What is the secret of Recamier's power?" asked one French wit of another in the prime of that fascinating woman's career. "*Sympathy*," was the simple but sufficient answer.

No matter how stupid you are, my dear young Miss, be sympathetic, look interested, be a listener, and you have him.

* * *

Don't let every stray man who makes "advances" kiss you to see if you suit his royal fancy. Let Tom, Dick, and Harry be kiss-hungry and starve, too, if they like, but keep your kisses for the Prince Charming and not for his footmen and outriders.

A kiss is love's autograph. Labial contact meant more in "the good old times" than now. When a Roman kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby half his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of the marriage.

* * *

But how are you to know "the dangler," or "hanger-on," who lounges in the purlicious and haunts the court of the great goddess, but never ventures in?

Depend upon it, Jill, if in his overtures and preludings, he is self-possessed, complimentary and gallant, *without being confused or shy*, he is not in love.

* * *

People who make idols spend their lives in keeping them in repair.

* * *

Is it possible for a girl to love two men at a time? Yes, my dear, but I am told it takes genius to do it.

There is no particular reason why a bright girl should put all her cargo in one vessel. Think of it! her little all embarked in one frail ship, battling against "bad blows," and hungry waves on the ocean of life. Believe me, in the language of the bookmaker, it is best to "hedge a bit."

* * *

The supreme benefit of being a woman is that you don't have to marry one.

* * *

Vivacity is one of the most powerful among human attractions.

* * *

Don't marry a genius unless you have what Sir Walter Scott declared to be the requisite qualities for the wife of such a rare bird—"Either taste enough to relish her husband, or good-nature enough to pardon his infirmities."

* * *

Clever is the woman who sees the outcome of a man, and, taking him when young, spurs his ambitions and makes him a power.

One of Beethoven's flames, an opera-singer, refused him because he was "so ugly and half-cracked."

You say this contradicts what I said about marrying a genius. Not at all! Love is such a ridiculous paradox, you may say anything you like about it and be quite right.

* * *

It is not a sufficient reason to marry a man because he wants to marry you.

* * *

If mamma is foolish enough to let you sit up with Jack after the family have gone to bed, don't you be foolish enough to do it.

It is not good form, besides, it may prove injurious to your health or morals—possibly to both.

A man can give one woman absolute love *for the time being*—a day, a month, a year—and then he is ready for another love, equally absolute, *for the time being*.

It is well to know this. Forewarned is forearmed."

* * *

Mr. Herbert Spencer is of the opinion that the saying "Beauty is but skin deep," is itself a skin-deep saying. He is quite correct.

In reality beauty is the very best guide. A fine physique, a clean skin, a clear eye, and good teeth, conspire to make up a vigorous, healthy man. They imply a good circulation, and a freedom from disease, hereditary or acquired, all of which, Milady, are *absolute essentials* in the father of your children.

* * *

Be it understood that I have no reference to the *Beaute du diable*, which is a distinctly different type. The term has been almost entirely applied to females, but this is a mistake. Satan belongs to the male sex, so that the type must be masculine.

Perhaps you have a different conception of this wicked beauty, but this is what the term conjures up for me:—

A man of the pictorial kind, long, swarthy, handsome. His figure is well-knit and shapely, muscles of wrought iron over a framework of steel. His features are well moulded, and bespeak a high intellectuality.

Now, don't run away with the idea that every man whom this description fits is a bad man—not at all. He may be a saint. *But if, under the influence of love, his eyes take on a dry glitter instead of a melting softness*, you may know without the shadow of a doubt that his beauty is only a covering for vitrified nerves, and a heart as hard as ice, but withal as hot as the fires of hell.

Such a man could no more fall in love with a woman than with the Nicene

Creed. He will bring chiaroscuro into wedlock, but he will bring a lot else.

* * *

Ninon de L'Enclos says that glances are the first love-letters.

* * *

Look well to the main chance before you leap into matrimony. It is the most important contract in human society.

Don't be nervous about "turning down" the spindle-legged, hollow-chested youth, who looks like nothing so much as a tailor's dummy.

Fight shy, too, of the darkly-sensitive, cogitative, high-strung, poetic man. You will not find him a profitable source of revenue to the household.

And write it on the tablets of your heart, Jill, that the "gay dogs," the cynical, vice-worn grasshoppers, who sow wild oats, have never, since the days of Cain, been known to sow much else.

* * *

Don't tell anyone about his offer of marriage. It is *his* secret, italicize "his," because it can never be your secret until he first tells it to others.

That reminds me of a story I came across the other day. They were two wretches of men who met in the seclusion of their club. "What are the three quickest modes of communication?" queried one. "Telegram, telephone, and cablegram." "No, wrong in the last one!" "Well, what are they?" "Telegraph, telephone, and tellawoman."

Now, this is no mere bachelor fling from Shea's Theatre. You will find it in the *Christian Guardian* of March 25th.

* * *

But how is a girl to know when she is in love ?

To be candid, I really cannot tell you. The seat of the affections has never been fully located. Popular opinion places them in the heart, but scientists have proven beyond a doubt that jealousy af-

fects the biliary organs, so that the affections probably lodge in the liver. All are agreed that they are not at home in the brain. I have a kind of a shy opinion that love makes itself felt in a *painful dryness of the throat* quicker than in any other way. And Jack London believes something like this, too, for he makes an Esquimaux girl to express her love-hunger as the clutching of little hands on her throat.

It is not well to bother about it, though, because most women do not love the man they wed. They marry him because it pleases them to be loved by him. Woman's love, as a rule, is a thing of accident, born of pressing solicitation, and kept alive by contiguity.

* * *

If Frailty is the name of woman, Vanity is the name of man. Vanity is the side entrance to every man's heart. Bright men have a seaside appetite for praise, and are ostriches in the digestion of it.

This is why the quiet, unpretentious woman, who can administer a judicious amount of flattery, either sincere or otherwise, so often leads a man captive from the centre of a group of unsympathetic beauties.

* * *

A man's ideal? Ah, well, it's every man to his taste, but if we are to judge by their writings and shy glances, we may postulate that *all* men like a woman with a certain fulness of flesh and a well developed bust.

* * *

This is how terms are defined:—

Courtship—yearn.

Betrothal—yarn.

Marriage—yawn.

* * *

A French proverb tells us "What a woman wants, God wants." This is another way of saying that we get from life

what we demand from it. Don't forget this when you are angling.

* * *

The purest and sweetest happiness which woman can know this side of heaven flows from an harmonious marriage.

* * *

A woman who marries beneath her is everlastingly done for. She has not only sinned against her class instincts, but against her nature. She has destroyed her life as much as the woman who goes wrong.

* * *

About old bachelors. These spoiled darlings of fortune are shy, and the net must be spread by an adept hand.

Opulent and distinguished bachelors don't expect to marry. They are wedded to a sense of their own importance.

* * *

Now, girls, I would like to tell you other secrets, but the man behind the desk keeps a dreadful blue pencil, and he uses it to a stub every day, but, the blue pencil

willing, I'll take you into my confidence soon again.

Just a word about keeping Jack when you get him.

A woman sang once how she tamed a falcon, but he flew away from her, and now wears other chains. Stripping this of poetry, Jill, she henpecked him.

The world abhors a henpecked husband, and the world is right. There is no surer way of turning out a no-good man than by killing his self-respect. Let him have full fling. The spectacle of his dictatorial moods, his changing crotchets, and flustering airs of superiority, may be interesting and funny by-play for you. Besides, shamefaced repentance and apologies are sure to come.

And if he gets positively rude, try the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

* * *

Here is an example for you. The other day a woman deposited two cents on the stamp counter. "Well, what do you want?" snorted the gruff clerk. She answered very gently—"An automobile, please."



LITERATURE

SUN DIALS AND ROSES OF YESTERDAY. By Alice Morse Earle.

ROBERT HEGGE, living in 1630, said, "*A Dial is the Visible Map of Time, till Whose Invention 'twas follie in the Sun to play with a Shadow. It is the Anatomie of the Day, and a Scale of Miles for the Jornie of the Sun. It is the Silent Voice of Time, and without it the day were dumbe. . . . It is ye Book of ye Sun on which he writes the Storie of the Day. Lastly Heaven itself is but a generall Dial it, in a lesser volume.*"

If it was the utility and sublimity of the dial that was felt in those centuries, it is its charm and sentiment that appeal to the people of to-day.

The author makes an exhaustive study of the subject of dialling, and has illustrated the text by several hundred photographs and drawings, which add immensely to the interest and use of the volume.

The subject is too minutely treated to permit of review, but the chapter on sundial mottoes is particularly interesting. One almost unvarying characteristic of all the mottoes is solemnity. A few are jocose, a few are cheerful, nearly all are solemn, many are sad, even gloomy. They teach no light lesson of life, but a regard of the passing of every day as a serious thing.

Biblical texts offer a vast field for culling. Here are some of the favorites:—

Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.—1 Chron. xx : 15.

Abide with us, O Lord, for it is toward evening.—Luke xxiv : 29.

He brought back the shadow by degrees.—2 Kings xx : 11.

Some of the posies run thus:—

"A clock the time may wrongly tell ;
I, never, if the sun shines well."

"Light rules me
The shadows, Thee."

"Time goes, you say ? Ah, no !
Alas, Time stays, *we* go !"

Harriet Martineau's dial at Ambleside, England, bears the words:—

"Come ! Light ! Visit me !"

King Edward's dial at Sandringham carries the inscription:—

"Let others tell of storms and showers,
I'll only count your sunny hours."

The author makes the suggestion to architects that fine brass meridian lines be laid on the floors of broad vestibules, of open porches, and paved terraces wherever the sun rays can shine, in order to prove the use and interest of the noon mark.

The author also points out that the Washington monument, with its superb shaft of 555 feet traces unnoticed day by day its wonderful parabolic path on the green-sward around it. She makes the proposition that Government order the tracing of its analemma, and mark the hours by beds of flowers.

The union of this subject with the "roses of yesterday" has not been through any relation of one to the other, but simply a placing together of what Bacon calls two "garden delights," and with somewhat of the thought that a dial standing alone in a garden was a bit bare without flowers, so it was likewise in a book.

MacMillan Co., New York.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES. 1 By The
Baroness Von Hutten.

ALL in all, "Our Lady of the Beeches" is an exceptional book. Its subtle psychology of falling in love, its passionate situations, and its tender, disturbing sentiments make it a book to be taken up and read "reverently, discreetly, and advisedly."

But that is just what you cannot do. I read the first page, and then it gripped me. I read it all the way from town, and tramped eight blocks from the cars, bumping into lamp-posts, trees, cows, and people, but never once closing the book. And when the last page was reached, I put it down with a pang that I could not forget it and start it all over again.

But the story! There are only four people in it, and no villain. But what of that?

"In tragic life, God wot no villain need be! Passions spin the plot. We are betrayed by what is false within."

The lover is a bachelor physician, slightly over the meridian of life. He is an author of note, and he has a laboratory, or as the woman described it, a place where he made "Nasty messes in crucibles and soap-bubbly things that explode."

The Lady of the Beeches was one of those unusual women who could no more help attracting men to her than a magnet to steel filings. And she had piquancy, that saving grace of heroines and mortal women. No wonder the Doctor fell in love with her. Any mitigation of feeling on his part would have been inexcusable.

But—she was married. True, her liege-lord wandered all over the world and left her alone in the Beeches; true her weary soul was stifled with too much masking, but nevertheless it was a very shabby trick for the sly godling, Dan Cupid, to play the lovers, and it was not to be wondered that the two plucked out his arrows with resentment.

Without a doubt, it was highly improper for our hero and heroine to slip into an adoration that was warmer than it was wise, but then people who are not all ice and immaculateness sometimes do highly improper things.

But this was all. There was no cup of flame, just one kiss, and a parting forever.

—And sorrow, too, but quoth the woman, "It is a sorrow sweeter than all the happiness in the world."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUMS. By
Jacob A. Riis.

TEN years ago, Jacob Riis wrote a remarkable book, entitled, "How the Other Half Live." "The Battle with the Slums" is its sequel. As we turn its pages, and eagerly follow the moving story of how the slum denizens of New York have been "druv into decency," we realize more vividly than ever that he is a brave man who dares say anything is impossible.

And Jacob Riis knows the slums. He was born in them. He tells us this incident about his boyhood. "It is in the retrospect that one sees how far we have come, after all, and from that gathers courage for the rest of the way. Thirty-two years have passed since I slept in a police-station lodging-house, a lonely boy, who was robbed, beaten, and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that joined its homelessness to mine, and had sat all night at the door, waiting for me to come out,—it had been clubbed away the night before—snarled and showed its teeth at the door-man, raging and impotent, I saw it beaten to death on the step. I little dreamed then that the friendless beast, dead, should prove the undoing of the monstrous wrong done by the maintenance of these evil holes to every man and woman who was without shelter in New York; but it did. It was after an inspection of the lodging-room, when I stood with Theodore Roosevelt,

then president of the Police Board, in the one where I had slept that night, and told him of it, that he swore they should go. And go they did."

And Riis is a big man—one of those few big souls who possess the courage which enables a man to "ride in the whirlwind and dwell in the storm"—one of the big-eyed, clear-sighted men who see only the goal, and so always prefer to vault over obstacles, follow the shortest line, and cut the knot rather than waste time in untying it.

His description of how his forces dealt with the brutal greed and grinding inhumanity of the tenement landlords is interesting, not merely because it is a new view-point, but because it sums up the energy, fearlessness and common-sense of this ardent reformer. "*Arbitration is good*," he says, "*but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down, and arbitrate sitting on him.*"

Riis tells us in this thrilling tale that ten years ago in the slum-cursed regions of New York, one-tenth of the population was always in the hospital, and the ambulance and dead-waggon made well-worn ruts at the doors. Because of the darkness, dank rottenness, and infernal system of sewerage in these "hell-holes," one in every five babies died. The houses were dens of death. The rent was literally the "price of blood." Human life weighed as light as punk against the "Vested rights" of the landlord, for vested rights were sacred, but not the blood, the sweat, or the tears of men.

But a day came when it dawned surely upon the great multitudes that go to make up the dense, slow public mind, that they must wipe out the slum or the slum would wipe out them. It dawned upon them, too, that air, light, and water are man's natural rights, because they are necessary to his being. But above all it dawned upon them that the grievance was theirs and not the landlords'; that it was a mistake to discuss damages with

him, and that the community has a right to destroy that which destroys life and manhood.

It was then that slumdom and Tammany stood aghast for their kingdom had been numbered, divided, and given over to the Medes and Persians.

New York has not reached the millenium yet. But the grip of the tramp on her throat has been loosened. Slowly, and with many set-backs, she is battling her way into light. On the spot where every foot of the ground once reeked with incest and murder, and where squalid beggary and pitiable poverty lay stewing in their own slime, to-day, on beautiful school-houses, bath-houses, and lusty children at play, the sun shines and is glad. It has been amply demonstrated that while the poor we shall always have with us, the slums we need not have. A hundred years ago they hanged a woman on Tyburn Hill for stealing a loaf of bread. To-day, we destroy the den that made her a thief.

To us the most interesting part of the story is how the play-ground is successfully "heading off the gang." The average boy is just like a steam-engine with steam always up. But in the slum with the "cop" in the street, and the landlord at the door, sitting on his safety-valve, the boy was bound to explode. Every game was haunted by the spectre of the avenging policeman. That he was not "doing anything" was no defence. The mere claim was proof that he was up to mischief of some sort. And so the "Kids" of the "pack" cultivated the gutter side of their characters till eventually they developed into the "toughs" of the "gang." And could it be otherwise, when the slum had stacked the cards against the boy?

But Reform recognized that character implies depth, a soil, and growth. The street is all surface. Nothing grows there; it hides only a sewer. Reform recognizes that the boy who flings mud and stones is entering his protest in his

own way against the purblind policy that gives him jails for schools, the gutter for a playground, and the tenement for a home.

But Reform has captured the boy. It does not hold him in its grip. It stands behind him with heart, and mind, and eyes open. It is heading off the gang, the jail, and the gallows, by substituting the club, the library, the school, the playground, the savings-banks, the military brigade, the church, and the home.

All this Reform has done and more. But above all, it has given to the word "brother" a new and hearty sound that is full of hope.

MacMillan & Co., New York.

PASCAL AND THE PORT ROYALISTS. By Professor William Clark, LL.D., D.C.L.

PROFESSOR CLARK, of Trinity College, Toronto, places us under another debt of gratitude by the publication of this new book, which is in every respect an intellectual luxury. We have learned with not a few others to take up with eagerness whatever bears the name of this author, and this work on Pascal is in every way worthy his reputation.

It is the latest addition to the series of volumes known as "The World's Epoch-Makers," which are edited by Oliphant Smeaton.

For most of us Pascal lives, moves, and has his being in "The Provincial Letters," those searching but dignified arraignments of the tortuous, sinister, psychological tenets of the Jesuits.

Yet these "Letters" are by no means the only claim of this strong, unquiet soul to the gratitude of posterity. In the preface of "The Provincial Letters," his biographer says, "Such was this extraordinary man, who was endowed with the choicest gifts of mind, a geometrician of the first order, a profound dialectician, an eloquent and sublime writer. If we recollect that in the course of a short life, oppressed with almost continual suf-

fering, he invented the arithmetical machine, the principles of the calculations of probabilities, the method for resolving the problems of the Cycloid; that he reduced to certainty the opinions of philosophers relative to the weight of the atmosphere; that he was the first to establish on geometrical demonstration, the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids; that he was the author of one of the most perfect specimens of composition in the French language; that in his *Thoughts* there are fragments of incomparable profundity and eloquence, we shall be disposed to believe that there never existed in any nation a greater genius, or, we may add, a more devout believer."

Professor Clark has brought to the discussion of Pascal's life and work a nice sense of perspective, catholicity of view, a tempered judgment, and an impartiality of decision. On the whole, this critique is the production of a singularly well-balanced and finely-cultured mind.

T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

IN QUEST OF THE QUAIN. By Eliza B. Chase.

HERE we see ourselves as others see us. The author is an American, or rather a United Stater, who visits Nova Scotia and Quebec in quest of the quaint.

Needless to say, she finds what she looks for, and so gives us some smart, readable impressions of the habitans, Acadian fishing-folk, and farmers.

Canadian lore, French chansons, and legends of the Manitousin and Nipissing are interwoven with the old yet ever new romance of youth and love.

The author can observe foreign scenes and foreign types through unbiassed eyes, with, perhaps, just a tinge of blue in her spectacles. Anyone who did not know the types would have rather a poor opinion of the classes.

"The habitan," she says, "is happy,—but his is the bliss of ignorance. He is a

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literal person with slight sense of humor, slow of comprehension, accepting blindly the tenets and fiats of the church, never thinking it possible to 'make reply or reason why.' More liberal education would have taught him to make more of himself and his possessions. Even his land would become more productive under more enlightened culture; but apparently he is content to grub along in slow, antique fashion."

Now, it is the habit of our neighbors from the land of "Iwantoknow" to wink patronizingly at Jacques, and to tell us he lacks smartness, and is stupidly faithful.

But for 'a that and 'a that, you know where to find Jacques when you want him. He is not showy, and has failings, but you must admit that "E'en his failings lean to virtue's side."

Perhaps he does cultivate his land in slow, antique fashion, and perhaps he does not go into debt for gang-ploughs, self-binders, and horse-rakes, but in the end he leaves no "abandoned farm" in his townward wake, like his pushing New England cousin.

You ought of a certainty to read his "giftie" that the fays have "gie us."

Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia.



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